Brantz Mayer
1840.

Brantz Mayer
1840.



MOSCHUS.

As the fleet bird, on airy pinions light,
From men to sighing maids he wings his flight.

Idyl. I. [illegible]

Engraved by J. Mitan.

Published by W. Suttaby, London.
June 20. 1810.

# THE IDYLLIA, EPIGRAMS, AND FRAGMENTS,

OF

# *THEOCRITUS,* BION, AND MOSCHUS,

WITH THE

## *ELEGIES OF TYRTÆUS;*

TRANSLATED

FROM THE GREEK INTO ENGLISH VERSE.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

DISSERTATIONS AND NOTES.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY THE

*REV. RICHARD POLWHELE.*

VOL. I.

*LONDON:*

PRINTED BY WHITTINGHAM AND ROWLAND,

*Goswell Street,*

FOR J. SHARPE, OPPOSITE ALBANY, PICCADILLY;

W. SUTTABY, STATIONERS' COURT, LUDGATE STREET; AND

TAYLOR AND HESSEY, FLEET STREET.

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

*A NEW edition of his Theocritus, Bion, Moschus, and Tyrtæus, being required, the Translator is happy to republish them in the present form.*

*From his preface to the first edition, he thinks it necessary to reprint the following paragraphs :—*

*'The manner of Theocritus is various. Some of his Idyllia are characterized by a rude simplicity. Such are the Fourth and Fifth. To give a discriminating idea of these, was a matter of extreme difficulty. But the Translator hath aimed at it (however he may have failed in the attempt), by a certain quaintness of phrase peculiar to people in low life, by rhymes of a rustical sound, and by the interspersion of a few antiquated words.*

*'Other Idyllia are distinguished by an elegant simplicity; particularly the First and Seventh. Here the Translator hath endeavoured to recommend the simple sentiment by the musical modulation of his verses, as free as possible from artificial embellishment.*

*'There are other Idyllia that seemed to require an ornamented diction; the Eighteenth in particular, which is remarkable for the splendour of its decorations.*

*'The Heroic Idyllia are still of a different kind. They have a grave majestic air, relieved by a few intervening familiarities.*

*'The Fourteenth and Fifteenth Idyllia are conspicuously discriminated from all the rest. Their comic humour seems perfectly consistent with the lightness and volubility of the hendecasyllable verse.*

*'Bion and Moschus are no mannerists. Their features (compared with those of Theocritus) have little strength or variety of expression. They often dazzle by a glare of colouring; though they have, sometimes, a softness of tint on which the eye reposes with complacency. The Translator shall only add, that in Bion's Epitaph on Adonis, and other pieces of a similar nature, he hopes he hath not obscured the sentiment by too much compressing it; and that his lax manner (in some parts of Moschus particularly) was designedly adopted, as nearest approaching the familiar style of conversation.*

*'Tyrtæus hath a manner peculiar to himself—or to the Poets of uncommercial, unphilosophic æras, whose observation and expression were circumscribed by the necessity of the times. This is a material circumstance, which the Translator trusts he hath not forgotten in his version.'*

THE

# IDYLLIA AND EPIGRAMS

OF

*THEOCRITUS.*

τοις βουκολικοις, πλην ολιγων των εξωθεν, τυχεστατος.

*L*

Admirabilis in suo genere Theocritus: sed m
Pastoralis non forum modo, verum etiam urb

*C*

Quinetiam ritus Pastorum, et Pana sonantem
In calamos, Sicula memorat tellure creatus:
Nec sylvis sylvestre canit; perque horrida mo
Rura serit dulces; musamque inducit in auras.

# IDYLLIUM

## THE FIRST.

---

## *THYRSIS;*

OR,

## THE ODE.

THYRSIS AND GOATHERD.

*Thyrsis.*

YON' breezy pine, whose foliage shades the springs,
In many a vocal whisper sweetly sings:
Sweet too the murmurs of thy breathing reed:
Thine, Goatherd, next to Pan, is Music's meed!
For, if the god receive a horn'd he-goat,
The female shall attend thy Dorian oat!
But if the rights of silvan Pan forbid—
And he the female claim, be thine a kid!
Full udder'd, ere we stroke its flowing teat,
We hold the tender kid delicious meat.

*Goat.* Sweeter thy warblings than the streams that glide
Down the smooth rock, so musical a tide!
If one white ewe reward the Muse's strain,
A stall-fed lamb awaits the shepherd-swain:
But if the gentler lambkin please the Nine,
Then, tuneful Thyrsis, shall the ewe be thine.

My pipe to rustic ...
'Tis Pan we fear: from hunting he re
As all in silence hush'd the noonday l
And, tir'd, reposes mid the woodland
Whilst on his nostrils sits a bitter spl
But come, (since Daphnis' woes to th
And well we deem the rural Muse th
Let us, at ease, beneath that elm rec
Where sculptur'd Naïds o'er their fo
While gay Priapus guards the sweet
And oaks, wide-branching, shade yo
And, Thyrsis, if thou sing so soft a s
As erst contending with the Libyan
Thrice shalt thou milk that goat for
Two kids she rears, yet fills two pa
With this, I'll stake (o'erlaid with w
And smells just recent from the gra
My large two-handled cup, rich-wro
Around whose brim pale ivy seems
With helichryse entwin'd: small te
Its saffron fruit in many a clasping
Within, high-touch'd, a female figur
Her cawl—her vest—how soft the
And near, two youths (bright ring

Brimful through passion, swell their twinkling eyes:
And their full bosoms heave with fruitless sighs!
Amidst the scene, a fisher, grey with years,
On the rough summit of a rock appears;
And labouring, with one effort as he stands,
To throw his large net, drags it with both hands!
So muscular his limbs attract the sight—
You'd swear the fisher stretch'd with all his might.
Round his hoar neck, each swelling vein displays
A vigour worthy youth's robuster days!
Next, red ripe grapes in bending clusters glow:
A boy, to watch the vineyard, sits below!
Two foxes round him skulk: this slily gapes,
To catch a luscious morsel of the grapes;
But that, in ambush, aiming at the scrip,
Thinks 'tis too sweet a moment to let slip—
And cries: 'It suits my tooth—the little dunce—
I'll send him dinnerless away, for once!'
He, idly-busy, with his rush-bound reeds
Weaves locust-traps; nor scrip nor vineyard heeds.
Flexile around its sides the' acanthus twin'd,
Strikes as a miracle of art the mind,
This cup (from Calydon it cross'd the seas)
I bought for a she-goat, and new-made cheese!
As yet unsoil'd, nor touch'd by lip of mine,
My friend, this masterpiece of wood be thine,
For thy lov'd hymn so sweet, a willing meed!
Sure sweeter flows not from the pastoral reed!
And yet I envy not thy proudest boast—
Thy song will never reach oblivion's coast.

*Thyr.* Begin, dear Muse, the strain of pastoral woe.
Lo, Ætna's swain! 'tis Thyrsis' notes that flow!

Gaunt wolves and pards deplor'd his partin
And ev'n the forest-lion mourn'd his deat

Begin, dear Muse, the strain of pastor
In melting cadence may the numbers f
Bulls, cows, and steers stood drooping at
And wail'd, in sorrow, as the shepherd di

Begin, dear Muse, the strain of pastor
In melting cadence may the numbers f
First winged Hermes from the mountain
Whence, Daphnis, whence (he cried) this fa

Begin, dear Muse, the strain of pastor
In melting cadence may the numbers f
The goatherds, hinds, and shepherds, all
'What ail'd the herdsman? and what fev
Priapus came, and cried—'Ah, Daphn
Does love, poor Daphnis, steal thy soul a
She with bare feet through woods and
roves—
Exclaiming, "Hah, too thoughtless in t
Hah! what though herdsman be thy pur
Sure, all the goatherd marks thy lawless

Perfidious man! each laugh lights up desire,
That wastes thy gloting eyes with wanton fire!"
Silent he sat—still burning every vein
Throb'd through dire love, till death extinguish'd pain.

Begin, dear Muse, the strain of pastoral woe,
In melting cadence may the numbers flow.

Next Venus' self the hapless youth address'd
(With faint, forc'd smiles, yet anger at her breast).
'Well, Daphnis, art thou still a match for love?
Say, does not Cupid now the victor prove?'

Begin, dear Muse, the strain of pastoral woe,
In melting cadence may the numbers flow.

But he: 'Too true thou say'st, that Love hath won!
Too sure thy triumphs mark my setting sun!'

Begin, dear Muse, the strain of pastoral woe,
In melting cadence may the numbers flow.

'Fly, where Anchises—to his arms away—
And screen your pleasures from the garish day.
On Ida's hill: there spread o'er-arching groves;
There many an oak will hide your covert loves;
There the broad rush, in matted verdure, thrives;
There bees, in busy swarms, hum round their hives.

Begin, dear Muse, the strain of pastoral woe,
In melting cadence may the numbers flow.

'Adonis too—though delicately fair—
He feeds his flocks, and hunts the flying hare!

Begin, dear Muse, the strain of pastoral woe,
In melting cadence may the numbers flow.

'Say,—if arm'd Diomed should meet thy sight—
I've conquer'd Daphnis—come renew the fight!

Begin, dear Muse, the strain of pastoral woe,
In melting cadence may the numbers flow.

'Ye wolves and bears and panthers of the woods;
Ye glens and copses, and ye foaming floods;
Ye waters, who your waves of silver roll [soul—
Near Thymbris' towers, that once could sooth my
And thou, dear—dear auspicious Arethuse!
O once the sweet inspirer of my Muse,
Farewell:—no more, alas! shall Daphnis rove
Amidst your haunts; for Daphnis dies of love!

Begin, dear Muse, the strain of pastoral woe,
In melting cadence may the numbers flow.

'I—I am he, who lowing oxen fed;
Who to their well-known brook my heifers led.

Begin, dear Muse, the strain of pastoral woe,
In melting cadence may the numbers flow.

'Pan—Pan—of all our woodlands the delight,
Whether thou rovest on Lycæum's height,
Or o'er the mighty Mænalus, O deign
To visit sweet Sicilia's pastoral plain:
Leave *Lycaonian* Helicas' high tomb,
Though gods revere the monumental gloom:

Close, heavenly Muse, the tale of pastoral woe!
Ah! let the melting cadence cease to flow!

'O Pan, my reeds so close-compacted take,
And call forth all their tones for Daphnis' sake!
Bent for thy lip this pipe be thine to play!
To the drear grave love hurries me away!

Close, heavenly Muse, the tale of pastoral woe!
Ah! let the melting cadence cease to flow!

'Ye thorns and brambles the pale violet bear—
Ye junipers, produce narcissus fair!
Ye pines, with fruitage from the pear-tree crown'd,
*Mark* Daphnis' death, while all things change around—

Let stags pursue the beagles o'er the plain,
And screech-owls rival Philomela's strain!

Close, heavenly Muse, the tale of pastoral woe!
Ah! let the melting cadence cease to flow!
He ceas'd—and Venus would have rais'd his head—
But fate had spun his last-remaining thread!
And Daphnis pass'd the lake! the o'erwhelming tide
Buried the nymphs' delight—the Muse's pride!

Close, heavenly Muse, the tale of pastoral woe!
Ah! let the melting cadence cease to flow!
Now, fairly, friend, I claim the cup and goat—
Her milk, a sweet libation, I devote
To you, ye Nine, inspirers of my lay!
Be mine a loftier song, some future day.

*Goat.* Thyrsis; thy mouth may figs Ægilean fill!
And luscious honey on thy lips distil!
For sweeter, shepherd, is thy charming song,
Than ev'n Cicadas sing the boughs among.
Behold thy cup, so scented, that it seems
Imbued with fragrance at the fountain streams,
Where sport the Hours!—come Ciss! may Thyrsis'
pail
Bespeak the richness of thy pasture-vale!

Ye w
Ye gl
Ye yo
Near
And
O
Farew
Amid

# IDYLLIUM

THE SECOND

# PHARMACEU

Bid the strong witchery match ev'n Circe's skill;
And with Medea's venom'd fury fill!
  Iynx, O force him, by thy mystic charms!
  Force him, though faithless, to these longing arms!

See—see—the crumbling cake consumes away!
Hither—but straight, thou lingering wretch, obey!
What, am I scorn'd? does frenzy or amaze
Possess thee, slave? come, strew, amid the blaze,
The sacred salt; and, strewing it, exclaim—
'Thus—Delphis' bones I scatter through the flame!'
  Iynx, O force him, by thy mystic charms!
  Force him, though faithless, to these longing arms!

My tortur'd bosom rues the perjur'd vow;
But, in revenge, I give this laurel-bough,
The type of Delphis, to the crackling fires—
That, as the spirit of his life expires,
O'er his scorch'd frame, like these, may flashes haste!
Thus his flesh tremble! thus a cinder waste!
  Iynx, O force him, by thy mystic charms!
  Force him, though faithless, to these longing arms!

Ev'n as this wax evaporates in fume,
May Myndian Delphis, scorch'd by love, consume!
And Venus, whirl him, at my door around,
Swift as this brazen orbit marks the ground!
  Iynx, O force him, by thy mystic charms!
  Force him, though faithless, to these longing arms!

I strew the bran: but Dian's power can shake
Hell's adamantine gates, and bid all Tartarus quake!
Hark—the dogs howling—to the cymbals fly!
The city-dogs proclaim the goddess nigh!
  Iynx, O force him, by thy mystic charms!
  Force him, though faithless, to these longing arms!

See, smooth'd in calms the silent waves repose!
But ah! this bosom no such quiet knows!
Relentless love! no more, alas! I boast
Unspotted fame; my virgin-honours lost!
  Iynx, O force him, by thy mystic charms!
  Force him, though faithless, to these longing arn

The due libations, thrice, O moon, I pour!
Thrice hail, with magic song, this hallow'd hour
O through whatever flame he faithless proves,
Be his the blank oblivion of his loves!
Such as, in times of old, o'er Theseus stole,
When Ariadne's image fled his soul!
  Iynx, O force him, by thy mystic charms!
  Force him, though faithless, to these longing arn

Fir'd by the' Arcadian plant, the foaming horse
Breaks o'er the mountains with infuriate force!
Thus may I see the perjur'd Delphis roam,
And from his wonted sports rush maddening hon
  Iynx, O force him, by thy mystic charms!
  Force him, though faithless, to these longing arı

Rent from the robe of him who works my woe
This fringe, now rending, to the flames I throw
Ah, Love! why leech-like cling, too close to pa
Suck my life-blood, and drain my fainting heart
  Iynx, O force him, by thy mystic charms!
  Force him, though faithless, to these longing ar

Soon shall the wretch my direr vengeance prov
And a crush'd lizard bend his soul to love!
Now, at his threshold (though no more his care
Still my fix'd passion fondly lingers there)
Go, strew these magic poisons—haste away,
And 'Delphis' bones I scatter'—muttering, say
  *Iynx, O force* him, by thy mystic charms!
  *Force him*, though faithless, to these longing a

SHE'S gone!—and shall I give my sighs to flow,
Trace their sad source, and tell my tale of woe?
What time her offerings fair Anaxo paid,
Ill-starr'd, alas! to Dian's grove I stray'd:
Where a gaunt lioness, and many a beast,
In slow procession led, adorn'd the feast.
Say, sacred Moon, whence first this passion came;
What caus'd my anguish, and what fed the flame!

Thencarila's lov'd nurse could ev'n persuade
My steps to wander—(peace attend her shade!)
I went—in Clearista's garments dress'd,
And train'd the trappings of a borrow'd vest.
Say, sacred Moon, whence first this passion came;
What caus'd my anguish, and what fed the flame!

There then, my Delphis, (still I fondly trace,
Near Lycon's house, the well-remember'd place)
My Delphis' glories all my soul absorb!
O Moon, his bosom as thy silver orb,
Bright from the sports! His chin the golden hues
Of helichryse, in downy glow, suffuse!
Say, sacred Moon, whence first this passion came;
What caus'd my anguish, and what fed the flame!

O how I saw! what frenzy seiz'd my brain!
Throb'd my full heart, and thrill'd each beating vein!
The' insipid pomp no more I wish'd to see;
Its novelties, alas! were lost on me!
Abrupt I hurried off, with trembling frame,
Sinking, reach'd home, but knew not how I came;
There, on my bed, of pale disease the prey,
Ten lingering days and ten long nights I lay!
Say, sacred Moon, whence first this passion came;
What caus'd my anguish, and what fed the flame!

Say, sacred moon, ...
What caus'd my anguish, and what fe

At length, no longer able to endure
My secret wound, and pine without a
To Thestylis (by shame and grief o'er
I show'd the venom of the rankling t
And 'Go,' I cried, '(since now too
The source of all my anguish—all my
To Timagetus' fam'd Palæstra go—
There (if alone he rove) a nod besto
Or tip a gentle wink, and, whisperin
Simætha calls—come, Delphis—com
I spoke—and Thestylis obey'd—he c
But O! what sudden tremors shook
Cold dews, as he advanc'd with easy
Like southern damps, distilling fron
Stiff as this golden necklace—stiff
I strove to mutter—but my voice w
Not on my fainting lips such accen
As murmur, feeble, from an infant's
When querulously dreaming on her
His mother lulls him into gentler r
... first th

In truth, as erst Philinus I outrun,
'he prize of Cupid hath Simætha won!
Say, sacred Moon, whence first this passion came;
What caus'd my anguish, and what fed the flame!

For I had come, (by sweetest love I swear)
'hough no kind call had mark'd thy partial care,
oin'd by select associates of the town, [frown!
'hrough night's dun shade, to meet thy smile or
Iy poplar-wreath with purple ribbons dress'd
ind the love-apples blushing in my breast.
Say, sacred moon, whence first this passion came;
What caus'd my anguish, and what fed the flame!

And if admitted—love had crown'd my prayer;
For know, I'm nam'd the Active and the Fair)
'et had I rested happy in the bliss,
Iad I from these sweet lips but snatch'd a kiss!
ut if thy pride had given the bolting bar
'o kindle, with its harsh repulse, the war;
'hen had I bid the stronger axe assail,
ind many a flashing torch had turn'd thee pale.
Say, sacred Moon, whence first this passion came;
What caus'd my anguish, and what fed the flame!

Be thine, O Venus, at this happier hour,
heart's warm homage that adores thy power!
ind, next, this tribute may Simætha claim,
Vho sweetly call'd, and snatch'd me from the flame!
ih! lightning love, more fierce than Ætna's blaze,
'ours—on his victim pours—consuming rays!'
Say, sacred moon, whence first this passion came;
What caus'd my anguish, and what fed the flame!

Full oft hath love with wild disorder sway'd
'he roving consort, and the frenzied maid!

... while seducing fancy fir'd my breas
Let tears and burning blushes tell the re
Yet bliss was our's, through sweet delusi
Suspicion slept, and mutual vows were m
Yet till, this day, shone out the rosy mor
By the sun's rapid steeds from ocean bor
I cherish'd what I deem'd no hopeless fla
When lo! my little minstrel's mother cam
And, 'from the clearest signs,' aver'd, 's
That Delphis—perjur'd Delphis, was nc
For oft (she said) he drank some favourit
Then went in haste—while round his ro
wove
Of flowery garlands many a gay festoon'—
Too certain all! since here, at morn and
His constant visits he was wont to pay;
r left his Doric box at close of day.
welve days are past! no more that face
eavens! does that heart no more remem
Hail, philtres! hail! if still he scorn the
y fate, I'll force him to the gates of hell!
ch potent sorceries an Assyrian taught,
to a magic-charm the drugs he wrought

# IDYLLIUM

## THE THIRD.

### *AMARYLLIS.*

GOATHERD.

ɪʟᴅ! I hasten on the wings of love,
eet my Amaryllis in the grove!
time, my goats shall crop this pasture hill,
Tityrus, guide them to their wonted rill:
whether stream or pasturage be thy care,
Lybian ram, with butting head, beware.
r, lovely Amaryllis, why, no more,
ou wert wont, thy charming accents pour;
yonder cave recline, at close of day,
sunk in soft endearments, melt away?
m I hated? Do my looks offend?
corn, alas! will bring me to my end!
o! (too fondly I remember thee)
apples, gather'd from thy favourite tree!
nore, dear maid, to-morrow will I give—
soothe my aching heart, and let me live!
were a humming bee's my happier lot!
would I waft me to thy shady grot;
eded, through its fern and ivy creep,
with soft murmurs lull my love to sleep!

Sweet-smiling nymph, whose ebon e
Beauty's soft touch, though all thy h
Come, clasp me in thy languishing en
That I may kiss at least thy lovely fa
For ev'n such empty kisses lull to rest
The fever'd fury of the throbbing bre
Ah no! thy proud disdain will bid me
This garland—scatter'd to the breezi
This wreath, of ivy pale and parsley v
With unblown roses—as the pledge of

Alas! what sorrows press! what po
A wretch undone—I'll rush into the w
Where, yonder, Olpis, on the rocky st
His tunnies marks, reflected from the
Though buoyant on the surge my body
At least, 'twill please thee, that I mean

Soon by the withering orpine-leaf, I
Some change: struck hollow, yet it ga
Ah! not in vain (I could not but belie
Mutter'd the wrinkled hag, and turn'd
Too true she sung, prophetic of my fat
Passion but ill requited by thy hate!

The goat

And haply, as I pipe, the wandering maid
May hear my music from the pine-tree shade!
And she may look on me, perchance; and grant
My prayer: for sure, she is not adamant!
  Hippomanes, to catch the virgin's eyes,
Threw out the golden lure, and won the prize:
How Atalanta felt the trancing spell,
And down the depths of love, in frenzy, fell:
From Othrys' top, the seer Melampus drove
His herds to Pylian plains, impell'd by love:
The beauteous mother of a wiser maid
To melting Bias all her charms display'd:
And could not, on his hills, Adonis fire
The raving goddess with such wild desire,
That to her breast she drew his quivering breath,
And lock'd his limbs in her's, though chill'd by death?
Though Cynthia's favours were Endymion's boast,
'Tis his eternal sleep I envy most!
And such high transports bless'd Iasion knew—
A tale too hallow'd for the vulgar crew!
  My faint head throbs! yet what avails the sigh?
No tear of pity melts the scornful eye!
Here then I throw my vain—vain pipe away,
And lay me down to ravening wolves a prey;
While my torn limbs, asunder as they part,
Shall please, like honey to the taste, thy heart!

## IDYLLIUM

## THE FOURTH.

### THE SWAINS.

BATTUS, A SHEPHERD, AND CORY
NEATHERD.

*Battus.*

Pray, Corydon, are these Philonda's c(

*Cor.* No—Ægon's; 'tis my charge t
browse.

*Bat.* By stealth thou milk'st them,
at eve?

*Cor.* No—my old master who could e'
Oft as the calves are suckled, he stands
And marks my motions with so shrewd
'Twere vain to practise on the ...

*Bat.* When could his eyes have seen the wrestler's oil?

*Cor.* They say, he'd match Alcides in the toil—

*Bat.* Indeed! Believe my mother, if thou can,
And I than Pollux am a better man.

*Cor.* He's gone then—driving with him full a score
Of sheep; while in his hand a spade he bore.

*Bat.* What cannot Milo? Sure, he can persuade
Ev'n wolves to madness!—

*Cor.* Here, along the shade,
His heifers crop no more the tender blade!

*Bat.* Poor beasts! how bad a master!

*Cor.* Poor indeed!
They lowe in sorrow, and no longer feed!

*Bat.* Yes—in yon cow a skeleton we view!
What! like cicadas, does she live on dew?

*Cor.* No—at Æsarus' streams she loves to stray,
And feeds on bundles of our fragrant hay:
Oft too she frisks around Latymnus' hill,
And in the shady forest eats her fill.

*Bat.* And that red bull—of bones a very bag!
May the Lampriadæ no better brag
For Juno's shrine—curs'd race!

*Cor.* Yet Physcus' woods,
The marsh, the groves that hide Neæthus' floods,
He wanders o'er—where blossom'd buckwheat grows;
And sweet, the honeybell—the cowslip glows.

*Bat.* Yes! and to hell too, will thy cattle go—
And rove, poor Ægon, in the shades below!

He gave it me; and I know many
I chant sweet Glauca's songs and P
Salubrius Croton and Zacynthus' pr
And, as I view Lacinium's eastern s
There, well remember what unrival'
Our Ægon (who devour'd alone, tha
Full fourscore cakes) rush'd onward
When boldly seizing by his iron hoof
(While eager expectation hung aloof
He drag'd the bull infuriate down the
That vainly struggled against strengt
And gave it Amaryllis! midst the cro
The women shouted, and he laugh'd a

*Bat.* My sweetest Amaryllis! lovel
Though thou art gone, thy memory ne'
Ah, fate! what evils mortal man beti
Dear as the goats I tend, the virgin di

*Cor.* Cheer up, my swain! Another
Though now perhaps it lours, with ki
Hope shines in life: in death there's n
At times, the heavens are bright—at ti

*Bat.* Th...

See now—she comes again! the villain—look—
By Pan, I wish I had my leveret-crook!

*Bat.* A thorn pricks sore my leg! see here the wound—
How thick these matted briars o'erspread the ground!
Haste, Corydon! dost see't? plague take the beast!

*Cor.* See here!

*Bat.* Though small, its pain was not the least.

*Cor.* Then climb no more the mountain's pathless steep—
Or through its furzy thickets rashly creep
With feet unsandal'd: on the mountain grow
Brambles and spindling thorns, to work thee woe.

*Bat.* But, Corydon, pray tell me, whether, still,
Thy grey old master revels at his will?
Hath yet the carle a thirsty soul to quench?
Does he yet follow the dark-eyebrow'd wench?

*Cor.* Yes—yes—he still pursues his girl—the goat—
Last night I caught him in the hurdled cote.

*Bat.* Well done! no Satyr, with his spindle-shanks,
Not Pan with thee, salacious fellow, ranks!

# IDYLLIUM

## THE FIFTH.

## *THE TRAVELLERS.*

COMATES, A GOATHERD, AND LACON, A SHEPHERD. WOODMAN MORSON, THE UMPIRE.

*Comates.*

FLY—fly, my goats, that wicked Sybarite—
The rogue—he stole my goatskin but last night!

*Lac.* Lambs, from the brook—my tender lambkins, fly—
For he who stole my flute, stands skulking by!

*Com.* Thy flute! What song can servile Lacon [play?
Indeed, with brother Corydon, thy lay
Drew many a laughing lout, who heard and saw
Thy squeaking scrannel reed of wretched straw!

*Lac.* No—Lycon gave me a melodious flute!
But could I steal a goatskin from a brute?
Thy master's limbs on no soft skin recline:
Sure, such a luxury was never thine.

*Com.* Yes! 'twas the speckled one, of special note,
My neighbour gave me, when he kill'd the goat!
Thou know'st the time: for then thy envious eyes
Glanc'd theft; and now, thy hands have stol'n the prize!

*Lac.* By Pan 'tis false—by Pan, who guards our
Or may I never be called Lacon more! [shore—
Or into Crathis' streams that roll so deep,
In madness may I plunge from yonder steep!

*Com.* And by the Nymphs, the Fountain-Nymphs,
In yonder fane propitious to my prayer; [I swear,
Comates never stole a flute of thine—

*Lac.* If I believe, may Daphnis' woes be mine!
'Nought's sacred!' Yet, since thus thy tongue defies,
Stake down a kid; I warrant, I've the prize!

*Com.* 'Minerva's sow!' Of wrangling to get rid,
If thou wilt stake a lamb, I lay a kid.

*Lac.* Hah! shrewd Comates! thy proposal's deep!
But who e'er shear'd a goatling for a sheep?
In vain might such a flam a booby bilk—
Who ever left a goat, a bitch to milk?

*Com.* He, who the prize, like thee, would vainly
To the cicada shrill, a humming wasp. [grasp—
But if a kidling be no equal stake,
That full-grown goat, that browses yonder, take!

*Lac.* Yet why such haste? Beneath the friendly
Of this wild olive-tree that skirts the glade, [shade
While there the cooling stream glides soft along,
May breathe, in sweeter tones, thy boasted song.
Here grassy beds—here tender herbage springs—
Here, perch'd on high, the noonday locust sings.

*Com.* I'm not in haste—but feel it a disgrace,
That such a lout confronts me, face to face!
That he, whom yet a boy I taught, should dare
With rivalry repay his master's care.
Thus train'd and fed, the favour to requite,
A wolf will eat thee, and a dog will bite!

... propitious to my prayer; ... Nymphs,
never stole a flute of thine— [I swear,
... If I believe, may Daphnis' woes be mine!
...ght's sacred!' Yet, since thus thy tongue defies,
...own a kid; I warrant, I've the prize!
'Minerva's sow!' Of wrangling to get rid,
...t stake a lamb, I lay a kid.
...! shrewd Comates! thy proposal's deep!
...shear'd a goatling for a sheep?
...such a flam a booby bilk—
...a goat, a bitch to milk?
...the prize, like thee, would vainly
...humming wasp. [grasp—
...qual stake,
...browses yonder, take!
...e? Beneath the friendly
...at skirts the glade, ...
...fream glides ...

*Lac.* But tell me, caitiff, when wert thou so kind?
For not one ditty I recal to mind.
Yet, boaster! since thy tongue can run so fast,
Come, to the grove along, and sing thy last.

*Com.* No—swain: here flourish oaks—here rushes thrive—
Here sweetly buz the bees round many a hive;
Here two fresh fountains cool the heats of day,
And prattling birds enliven every spray!
Here, while thy bowers a slighter umbrage own,
The clustering pine-tree scatters many a cone.

*Lac.* Here, on the fleeces of the lambkin, spread
Softer than sleep, thy easy steps shall tread!
But for thy goatskins laid on yonder bank,
Not ev'n their goatherd-master smells so rank.
Here, to the Nymphs, be mine the pleasing toil
To crown one bowl of milk, and one of oil.

*Com.* No—come with me—for here the fern shall meet,
With the horn'd poppy's tender flower, thy feet;
While my kid-carpet's softer far than thine,
Of milk I'll crown eight goblets, for the shrine
Of Pan; and heap'd delicious to the brim,
In eight straw hives shall combs of honey swim.

*Lac.* Then to thy oaken-umbrage let's away—
But who shall judge the merits of our lay?
I wish Lycopas with his herds were near;
He, sure, would listen with impartial ear.

*Com.* No need: thy master's woodman, if
Who cleaves the billets on yon' forest-hill,
Will judge.

*Lac.* Agreed—

*Com.* Then call him—

*Lac.* Hither friend!
The umpire of our rural songs, attend:
But hear, good Morson, let no favour guide,
And lean not partial on Comates' side.

*Com.* Yes—by the Nymphs, be sure determine
Nor give that Lacon more than Lacon's due. [true—
Of Sybaris, I tend Eumaras' goats—
He drives Sybarta's sheep from Thurian cotes.

*Lac.* By Jove, the fellow hath a flippant tongue;
Who ask'st thee, pray, to whom these flocks belong?

*Com.* Hark'e—I do not vainly boast, forsooth;
Nor rail, but tell each tittle of the truth.

*Lac.* Come sing then (if thou canst) contentious
Let but thy umpire reach alive the town. [clown.

*Com.* The Nine, to whom two kids in sacrifice
I gave, my ditties above Daphnis' prize.

*Lac.* Lov'd by Apollo, who my stores increas'd,
A goodly ram I fatten for the feast.

*Com.* My goats with twins I milk: a tittering maid
Pass'd by; and 'Ah! dost milk, thyself?' she said.

*Lac.* Pheugh! Twenty vats with cheese can Lacon
fill!
And taste, on flowers, soft pleasures at his will.

*Com.* Oft Clearista pelts with apples crisp
Her swain; and, in a whisper, loves to lisp.

*Lac.* Oh how I tremble as I meet my fair!
While o'er her bosom streams her wanton hair.

*Com.* But who compares the sweetbriar's meaner
Or the light pass-flower, with the rose's blush? [bush,

*Lac.* Who says, the oak's rough acorn ever
Bright as the glossy chesnut's honied hue?

*Com.* I have a gentle ringdove for my fair,
In yonder juniper: her nest is there!

*Lac.* For a soft raiment I'll present my de
A violet-colour'd fleece when next I shear.

*Com.* Off from the wildling olive, goats here br
Where spreads the tamarisk, o'er the slop
boughs.

*Lac.* Ho—Conarus—Cymœtha—from the
Of that dim oak; and crop this eastern glade

*Com.* For her, whose love inspires my tunefu
I have a rich-wrought bowl, and cypress-pail

*Lac.* For my sweet shepherdess a dog I k
To guard from prowling wolves her frisky she

*Com.* Ye crowding locusts! from my vin
hence—
Touch not these nursling shoots—nor pass the

*Lac.* Cicadas! see the goatherd's ill at eas
The reapers thus, with shrill-ton'd voice, ye

*Com.* I hate the brush-tail foxes, that esca
From Micon's vineyard, stealing many a grap

*Lac.* And I the wheeling beetles, that scarce
Philonda's luscious figs, to drone at eve.

*Com.* Do'st recollect, when gnashing at
stroke,
I lash'd, and made thee cling to yonder oak?

*Lac.* No—but remember, when I saw thee
*To that same* tree, and anguish'd stamp the g

*Com.* See—see—the wincing ape—what choler fills—
Go, fool—and from the grey tomb pluck the squills.

*Lac.* Hah! but a smarter sting can some one feel—
To Hales, fool; and dig my lady's seal.

*Com.* Be Himera milk; and rosy Crathis blush
All wine—with fruit on every bending rush!

*Lac.* Be Sybaris honey; and our girl, with urn
Dipt into luscious sweets, at dawn, return!

*Com.* My goats eat cytisus; o'er lentisk tread,
And strawberries compose their shrubby bed!

*Lac.* My sheep stray sportive, where the thyme-flower blows—
And ivy flaunts, the rival of the rose!

*Com.* Lovely no more Alcippe's form appears—
She kiss'd not for my dove, or press'd my ears.

*Lac.* But I my sweetheart love! the wink she
Sighs for a kiss—and sweetly pouts her lips. [tips--

*Com.* But stop thy wretched pipe, vexatious swain,
Nor idly rival a superior strain:
Thus with the stately swan might lapwings vie—
Or with the nightingale the screaming pie.

*Mor.* Cease, shepherd, cease; Comates wins the
Nor thou forget me at thy sacrifice!— [prize—

*Com.* No—by the silvan Pan!—Hark! hark! my boy!
How my whole flock of goats snorts wild for joy!
With leaps of transport how they frisk around!
I too could reach the' immortals at a bound!

... you in the fount's transluce
Ho ! ruttish goat ! thy wanton gaml
Ere to the Nymphs my votive rites
Still gamesome? Thou shalt smart the
Or, like Melanthius, may my limbs

# IDYLLIUM
## THE SIXTH.

## *THE HERDSMEN.*

DAMÆTAS AND DAPHNIS.

ADDRESSED TO ARATUS.

LATE, herdsman Daphnis and Damætas fed
Their herds, Aratus, to one pasture led.
Ruddy Damætas' beard, while sprinkled thin
Scarce grew the down on Daphnis' tender chin!
Beside a brook they sung at summer noon;
The herdsman challeng'd, and thus pip'd his tune:

*Dap.* 'With apples Galatea pelts thy flocks,
And thee, rude Polypheme, gay tittering, mocks!
Sweet as thou pip'st, she calls thee goatherd-churl;
And yet thou dost not see the skittish girl,
Still piping on, more senseless than a log—
There—there—the little wanton pelts thy dog!
He, on the lucid wave, his form surveys;
And, on the beach, his dancing shadow bays!
Call—call him, lest he rush upon the fair;
Lest her emerging limbs the rover tear!
Yet, lo! the frolic maiden sports at ease,
Light as the down that floats upon the breeze,
When summer dries the thistle's silver hair,
Its softness melting into azure air!—
Her lover, led by strange caprice, she flies;
And views her scorner with complacent eyes!
"The King's in check!" Sure, Cyclops, oft we prove,
That faults are beauties, when survey'd by love.'

Thus Daphnis sung: Damætas thus began:
*Dam.* 'I saw her pelt my flock, I swear by Pan
By this one eye! this precious eye, I saw—
Heaven guard it till my life's last breath I draw!
Still may I keep it in the Prophet's spite—
And on his house the dire prediction light!
But, as in careless mood the girl I vex—
And hint—I love some other of the sex!
She hears—she pines—and jealous, from the wave
Springs forth; looks round, in fury, on my caves;
And, wildly-roving, every sheep-cote marks,
Whilst at her heels my dog obedient barks.
For when I lov'd, he fawn'd and gently whin'd,
And softly on her knees his head reclin'd.
Thus while dissembled love its cunning tries,
She'll send me, sure, some tidings of her sighs:
And yet, unless an oath the sea-jilt take
To press with me the bed herself shall make,
Far from her caverns, on this first of isles;
I'll bar my doors, nor heed her wanton wiles.
Nor is my person so deform'd and rude—
On the smooth ocean, late, my face I view'd—
Fair seem'd my single eye, and fair my beard:
Whiter than Parian stone my teeth appear'd.
Lest fascination my repose disturb,
Thrice on my breast I spat—its power to curb;—
I learnt this virtue from a sorceress' tongue—
The hag who to Hippocoon's reapers sung.'
Ceasing, he kiss'd the boy—and, for a flute,
Straight gave a pipe—his lovely lip to suit!
Young Daphnis pip'd—his flute Damætas play'd-
Both match'd alike, the' unyielding strain essay'd
Whilst o'er the grass, their heifers danc'd for joy,
Charm'd by Damætas and the herdsman-boy.

# IDYLLIUM
## THE SEVENTH.

## *THE HARVEST FEAST;*

OR,

## THE VERNAL VOYAGE.

'Twas at the time when reigns the rural joke,
That Eucritus and I, from city-smoke,
(Join'd by our friend Amyntas) pac'd our way
To the fresh fields that green round Halys lay.
There Lycops' sons their harvest-offerings paid,
And the rich honours of the feast display'd—
Great Lycops' generous sons—if any good
Flow down, transmitted with illustrious blood!
From Clytia's and from Chalcon's line they came,
Ev'n Chalcon shining in the rolls of fame;
From whose strong knee impress'd upon the rock,
In sudden springs the Burine fountain broke!
Elms, rising round, in various verdure glow'd!
And the dim poplars' quivering foliage flow'd!
Scarce half the journey measur'd (ere our eyes
Could see the tomb of Brasylas arise),
Glad we o'ertook young Lycidas of Crete,
Whose Muse could warble many a ditty sweet!
His rustic trade might easily be seen,
For all could read the goatherd in his mien.
A goat's white skin, that smelt as newly flay'd,
His shoulders loosely with its shag array'd;

His wide-wove girdle brac'd around his breast
A cloak, whose tatter'd shreds its age confess'd!
His right-hand held a rough wild olive-crook,
And as we join'd, he cast a leering look
From his arch hazle-eye—while laughter hung
Upon his lips, and pleasure mov'd his tongue:
'Where—where, my friend Simichidas, so fast—
Ere now the heats of sultry noon are past?
While sleeping in each hedge the lizard lies,
And not a crested lark swims o'er the skies?
Hah! thou art trudging for some dainty bit;
Or tread'st, besure, the wine-press for a cit!
Struck by thy hurrying clogs, the pebbles leap!
And, I'll be sworn, they ring at every step!'
'Well met, dear Lycidas, (I straight replied)
No shepherd-swain, or reaper, e'er outvied
The music of thy pipe, as stories tell;—
I'm glad on't—Yet, I hope, I pipe as well!
Invited by our liberal friends, we go
Where the rich first-fruits of the harvest flow
To bless the fair-veil'd goddess, who with stores
Of ripen'd corn high-heap'd their groaning floors.
But let us carol the bucolic lay,
Since our's one common sun, one common way:
Alternate transport may our songs infuse—
The "honey'd mouth"—all name me—of the Muse
All praise, in rapture, my poetic worth!
But I'm incredulous, I swear by earth!
I rival (conscious of my humbler strain)
Philetas or Sicelidas, in vain!
And though my melodies may soothe a friend,
A croaking frog with locusts, I contend!'
Thus I with art—But smiling arch, the youth
*Exclaim'd,* 'Thou art a sprig of Jove, in truth!

And need'st not, sure, from just applauses shrink—
This crook be thine, to witness what I think.
I scorn the builder, as of mean account,
Whose lofty fabric would o'ertop the mount
Of proud Oromedon! Thus idly vie
The muse-cocks, who the Chian bird defy.
But let's begin, since time is on the wing;
And each, in turn, some sweet bucolic sing!
I'll chant (your ear with pleasure may they fill)
The strains I lately labour'd, on the hill.
" O may the ship that wafts my Daphne, glide
To Mitylene, o'er a favouring tide!
Though southern winds their watery pinions spread,
And stern Orion broods o'er Ocean's bed.
So may her smile a lenient med'cine prove,
To cool the fever of consuming love!
And may the bleak south-east no longer rave,
But gentle Halcyons smooth the ripling wave!
Sweet Halcyons, lov'd by all the Nereid train
Above each bird that skims, for food, the main.
O may my fair one reach the quiet bay;
And every blessing speed her destin'd way!
Then with white violets shall my brows be crown'd—
With anise-wreaths, or rosy garlands bound!
Then, at my hearth, the Ptelean bowl be quaff'd—
And the parch'd bean add flavour to the draught!
Then, as my elbows high my couch shall swell,
Of parsley form'd, and golden asphodel;
Then to my Daphne's health I'll drink, at ease,
The sparkling juice, and drain it to the lees!
Whilst with their pipes two swains delight my ear;
And Tityrus sweetly sings, reclining near—
How herdsman Daphnis lov'd the frowning maid;
And, with vain sighs, o'er many a mountain stray'd

How the rough oaks, where Himera's waters f
Told to the passing stream his tale of woe.
For as on Caucasus, or Atho's brow,
Or Rhodope's, he breath'd the fruitless vow—
Or Hœmus' hill; he sunk, through love, away,
Like snows dissolving in the solar ray.
Next shall he sing—how tyranny oppress'd
The goatherd, prison'd in his ample chest!
And how the bees from flowery meadows bore
Their balms, and fed him with the luscious sto
For on his lips the favour of the Muse
Distil'd the nectar of her sweetest dews!
To thee, Comates, though confin'd so fast,
Sure, with quick pace, the vernal season past!
Happy, amid thy prison, all day long,
While honey drop'd delicious on thy tongue!
O hadst thou liv'd with us, a brother-swain,
How oft my charmed ears had caught thy strai
Thy goats upon the mountains had I fed,
Or o'er the tufted vales, with pleasure led!
Then had thy voice its sweetest powers display
Beneath the' embowering oak, or pine-tree sha
He ceas'd—and thus alternate I replied:
'Sweet Lycidas, of goatherd-youths the pride!
What time I drove my herds, the hills along,
The charming Wood-Nymphs taught me many a s
Then hear (since thou hast gain'd the Muse's lo
Strains, whose high fame hath reach'd the thron
Then hear the choicest of the lays I know—[Jo
In honour of thy name the numbers flow.
"On me the Cupids sneez'd, who Myrta lov
As kids the verdure of the vernal grove!
*With the same* fires my dear Aratus glows;
*And this full* well the soft Aristis knows—

Aristis, who can Phœbus' self inspire,
In sweet accordance, ev'n with Phœbus' lyre!
O Pan, for whom fair Omole displays
Its green abodes, attend Aratus' lays!
O bid her fly uncall'd into his arms,
Whether dear Myrta, or Philina charms!
So may no more Arcadian youths deface
With scaly squills thy form, though vain the chase!
But if thou smile not on the lover's cause,
Be stung by nettles—torn by harpy-claws;
Freeze, in mid winter, near the torpid pole,
On Edon, where the streams of Hebrus roll;
And as an Æthiop burn, while summer glows,
Where the hot Blemyan rocks o'er Nilus close.
Ye loves, whose cheeks the apple's bloom outvie—
Come—from your Byblis' favourite murmurs fly!
Leave—leave the waves of Hyetis; and bless
The yellow-hair'd Dione's sweet recess!
Shoot, with unerring aim, the tinctur'd dart;
And pierce Philina's yet unwounded heart!
But—'as the melting pear'—(the rival maids
Exclaim)—'Philina's mellow beauty fades!'
Then, dear Aratus! let us watch no more,
Nor wear, with nightly toil, the bolted door!
Some other, as the morn begins to peep,
May the cock's clarion give to broken sleep!
His limbs in listless languor may he stretch,
And so we rest, a halter end the wretch!
Ours be repose—and some enchantress wait,
To ward, far off, each evil from our gate."

I sung, and (as presenting me his crook
He smil'd) the hospitable token took!
Then, parting, to the left, for Pyxa's towers
He turn'd; while we to Phrasidamus' bowers

Slop'd o'er the right-hand path our speedy way,
And hail'd the pleasures of the festal day.
There, in kind courtesy, our host had spread
Of vine and lentisk the refreshing bed!
Their breezy coolness elms and poplars gave,
And rills their murmur, from the Naïds' cave!
Cicadas now retiring from the sun,
Amid the shady shrubs their song begun.
From the thick copse we heard, far off and lone,
The mellow'd shrillness of the woodlark's tone!
Warbled the linnet and the finch more near,
And the soft-sighing turtle sooth'd the ear!
The yellow bees humm'd sweetly in the shade,
And round the fountain's flowery margin play'd:
All summer's redolence effus'd delight!
All autumn, in luxuriant fruitage bright—
The pears, the thick-strown apples' vermeil glow,
And bending plums, that kiss'd the turf below!
Our wines four years had mellow'd in the cask—
And could Alcides boast so rich a flask,
(Say Nymphs of Castaly) when Chiron gave
The generous juice, in Pholus' stony cave?
Or did such nectar, at Anapus' stream,
Rouse to the dance the Cyclops Polypheme,
(Who hurls the mountain-rocks across the brine)
As, Nymphs, ye mix'd at Ceres' glowing shrine?
Oh! may I fix the purging fan, again,
(Delightful task!) amid her heaps of grain;
And, in each hand, the laughing Goddess hold
The poppy's vivid red—the ears of gold!

# IDYLLIUM

## THE EIGHTH.

## *THE BUCOLIC SINGERS.*

DAPHNIS, MENALCAS, GOATHERD.

ADDRESSED TO DIOPHANTUS.

ONCE, Diophantus, up the breezy grove
His lowing herds the bonny Daphnis drove,
To meet Menalcas, with his charge of sheep,
Mid the dark umbrage of the mountain-steep.
Both in the bloom of beardless manhood young,
Or breath'd the Dorian reed, or sweetly sung;
While, starting from their lovely foreheads, glow'd
Their flamy locks, or down their shoulders flow'd.
Then silence, first, the blithe Menalcas broke,
And deftly smil'd on Daphnis as he spoke.

*Men.* Come, herdsman! keeper of the bellowing kine!
Say, will thy rustic reed contend with mine?
Yet shall, at last, thy tuneful ditty fail!
Behold the sweetest piper of the dale!'
Fair Daphnis cried:

*Dap.* 'Thou poor sheep-tending swain,
Sing till thou burst, thy numbers will be vain!'

*Men.* 'But shall we try?'

*Dap.* With all my soul!

*Men.* Agreed!
Say, what shall we deposit, as the meed
Our skill deserves?

*Dap.* If thou wilt stake a lamb,
(Full-grown I mean, and equal to its dam),
I stake a calf.

*Men.* A lamb I cannot lay;
For, oft as dusky evening dims the day,
The strictest watch my peevish parents keep,
And count, with jealous eye, my flocks of sheep.

*Dap.* What's then the prize?—

*Men.* A sweet-ton'd pipe, my friend,
Of nine smooth reeds, o'erlaid at either end
With whitest wax: this fair deposit take;
(But ought my father claims I dare not stake)
Form'd freshly by these hands, the pipe's my own.

*Dap.* And I too have a pipe of equal tone;
Its nine sweet voices all compacted tight
With the soft cement of a wax as white:
'Tis just as new; ev'n now my finger bleeds,
Splinter'd while, framing it, I slit the reeds.
But who's the umpire of our rival lays?

*Men.* 'Yon Goatherd, whom that snowy shee dog bays,
Perchance to judge our numbers, nought forbids
Suppose we call him from his wanton kids?'

The Goatherd not unwilling to decide,
As, in alternate songs, the rivals vied;

They hasten'd with contending pipes to play:
And first Menalcas breath'd the rural lay.

*Men.* 'Ye vales, ye streams, heaven's progeny belov'd!
If pleasure e'er Menalcas' carols mov'd;
Feed—feed my lambs! If hither Daphnis' kine
Repair; O pasture his, no less than mine.'

*Dap.* 'Ye herds, ye fountains, that enrich the dale,
If Daphnis ever match'd the nightingale,
Fatten these herds! If ought Menalcas lead
To pasturage, his be every fruitful mead.'

*Men.* 'Straight if my fair approach, the spring appears,
And all the brightening scene new beauty wears!
The fattening lambs amid luxuriance bleat,
And milk more richly flows from every teat!
But, in her absence, see the pasture-scene—
A pining shepherd, and a faded green!'

*Dap.* 'Their ewes and goats, with twins, o'er-spread the hill,
There bees their hives with fragrant honey fill—
There the tall oaks expand a wider shade
Where Milo treads! But, sudden, from the glade,
Quick as he goes, delight and plenty fly!
The herdsman withers, and his cows are dry!'—

*Men.* 'O goat, the husband of the snowy flock!
Ye kids, wild hanging from the rifted rock,
Haste, where yon wood its gloom romantic flings,
And with its depth of foliage hides the springs!
There screen'd he lies! go, murmur at his shed,
That Proteus, though a god, his sea-calves fed.'

*Dap.* 'I wish not to outstrip the winds, or hold
Pelops' vast realms, or brood o'er Crœsus' gold!
Be mine to triumph in the Dorian lay;
Beneath that rock to shun the glare of day;
Enjoy, with thee, my girl! the breezy sea,
And view the pastur'd sheep—yet clasping thee!'

*Men.* 'Nets are the terror of the feather'd brood;
And snares entrap the beasts that range the wood;
The storm uproots the beeches of the hills;
And the red sunbeam dries the shrinking rills!
While man, alas! no direr evil proves
Than frowns, so killing, from the maid he loves!
Indeed—not I alone of love complain;
Ev'n thou, O father Jove, hast felt the pain!'

Thus then the boys the' alternate ditty play;
And thus Menalcas tunes his closing lay:

*Men.* 'Spare, wolf! O spare me—nor my kid-
lings eat—
Because I'm little, and my flocks are great.
Hah, Brightfoot! how my dog! so fast asleep?
Here trusting to a boy such numerous sheep?
But feed, dear flock, and fearless crop your food;
Feed on—'twill quickly spring, and be renew'd.
Then come with swelling udders from the vales,
Suckle your bleating lambs, and fill the pails.'

Next Daphnis sung:—

*Dap.* 'As, yester-morn, I drove
My lowing heifers through the tangled grove,
(Her arched eye-brows join'd) a lovely maid
*Stood* peeping from a cave, and sportive said;

"Sure, he's a pretty youth!" 'With downcast eye
I went my way, nor aught could I reply.
Sweet is the breath of cows—the breath of steers—
Sweet too the bullock's voice the herdsman hears!
And, in the dewy vale, at evening-close,
Sweet the hill-echoes, when the heifer lows!
But sweet, at noon, the shade embowering deep,
Lull'd by the murmur of a stream, to sleep.
Smooth acorns crown their oaks; and fruits of gold
Fair on the branching pippin, we behold!
Sleek calves their mothers grace; and udder'd cows,
The glory of the watchful neatherd, browse.'

Thus sung the boys: and eager to decide,
With honest energy the Goatherd cried:

*Goa.* 'How charm'd, the music of thy voice I hear—
That melts, my swain, far sweeter on the ear,
Than honey-drops distil upon the tongue—
Take—take the pipes!—to thee the pipes belong!
O! if thou wilt but teach me such a lay—
While merrily my kidlings round me play;
That goat be thine, with mutilated horn—
She fills a brimming bucket every morn.'
Straight Daphnis danc'd, with pleasure's heartfelt glow,
As the light fawn skips nimbly by the doe—
Shouting—while nought could sad Menalcas say,
But went, deep-sighing as a bride, his way.
Thus Daphnis shone; and bright in youthful charms—
Erelong the lovely Naïs bless'd his arms.

# IDYLLIUM

## THE NINTH.

## *THE SHEPHERD.*

DAPHNIS AND MENALCAS.

DAPHNIS, begin—begin thy rustic note!
And next, Menalcas, breathe thy Dorian oat!
Though first ye bid, beneath these leafy boughs,
The heifers join their bulls—the calves their cow
While, 'midst the herd, along the copse they stra
Daphnis, begin the blithe bucolic lay;
And, rival shepherd, in responsive strains,
Awake the sleeping echoes of the plains!

*Dap.* 'Sweet lows the steer! and sweet tl
heifer lows!
Sweet is the reed! and sweet the herdsman blow
His vocal pipe! and sweet I sing! My bed
Beside the cooling waters have I spread!
And the smooth skins of milk-white heifers form
Its soft repose! Alas—the southern storm
Down yonder shrubby steep those heifers flung—
Yon mount where, cropping arbutus, they hung!
There sultry summer I regard no more
*Than dreaming* lovers heed their father's lore.'

Thus Daphnis sings :—Menalcas thus replies :
*Men.* 'Ætna's my mother ; and my dwelling lies
A fair-scoop'd grotto, 'midst her living rocks ;
While in the mountain shadow browse my flocks—
Full many a bleating sheep, and many a goat—
Not scenes so rich in airy slumbers float !
To them I owe the softness of my bed !
Skins at my feet, and fleeces at my head.
For freezing winter I have stores of wood—
Dry beech and oak that blaze to dress my food !
Thus I regard, as toothless fellows hold
Hard nuts when pulse is near, the wintry cold.'

I gave them both applause—and both their due :
To Daphnis a strong shapely club, that grew
Amid my father's woods, a single plant—
So fair—ev'n artists might its beauty grant.
The shepherd-swain a fine-wreath'd conch I gave,
Brought from the murmur of the' Icarian wave—
Whose flesh—(I found it on the rocks alive)—
Luxurious dainty ! was a feast for five.
O'erjoy'd he struck the shell :

*Men.* 'Ye powers of song !
Inspire—(nor do I fear a blister'd tongue)
Inspire me, rural Muses, with the strains
I deftly carol'd to the wondering swains :
Hawks mix with hawks, and ants with ants agree ;
Cicadas with their own—the Muse with me.
O that she fill'd my soft melodious hours !
For neither to the honey-bee the flowers
So sweet—or easy sleep, and early spring,
That balms so soothing to the labourer bring—
Charm like the Muse ! and they, on whom she smiles,
May brave ev'n Circe's cup—ev'n Circe's wiles.'

# IDYLLIUM

## THE TENTH.

## *THE REAPERS.*

MILO AND BATTUS.

*Milo.*

WHAT ails thee, Battus, that thou reap'st :
And, flinching, let'st thy neighbour pass th
How, through hot noon, till evening, wilt th
Thus early lagging like a wounded sheep?

*Bat.* Thy drudgeries noon and night, I
to brag:
But tell me, fragment of the flinty crag!
Did never in thy heart a kindness lurk,
That, for a moment's pause, delay'd thy wo

*Milo.* No—No—such thoughts should n
labourer haunt;
Thy silly dream of idleness avaunt!

*Bat.* But, Milo, didst thou never watch f

*Milo.* Not I!—love's watchings may I
prove.
His tongue in lambkin's blood if Rover ste
Rover will ever feel a thirst for sheep.

*Bat.* Ah, Milo! I have lov'd ten days an

*Milo.* Enjoy it, friend; I envy not the store!
Of meagre vinegar I've scarce a flask!
Thou, rich in wine, canst pierce the purple cask!

*Bat.* Ah! hence it is my fallows are unsown.

*Milo.* But who's the cruel nymph?

*Bat.* To thee I own,
Old Polybutas' girl, whose madrigal
So seiz'd our reaper's ears, and charm'd them all.

*Milo.* Faith, thou art rightly serv'd! a luscious bite!
Go, clasp her! Hug thy little chirping fright.

*Bat.* Hah! mouthing it so big! Thou need'st not flout!
Cupid's as well as Plutus' eyes are out.

*Milo.* I mouth it—no—but throw thy sickle by—
Come—come—cheer up! Some amorous ditty try.
Deftly thy tale of sweet Bombyce tell!
For once, if well I ween, few sung so well!

*Bat.* Piërian Muses! be my nymph your care!
My slender nymph! for all ye touch are fair!
Sweet girl! so sunburnt and so thin, 'tis said,
Yet, in my eyes, a honey-colour'd maid!
The letter'd hyacinth and violet brown
Are the first flowers that grace the rural crown!
Kids follow thyme, and wolves soft kids; the crane
Pursues the plough—and thee, thy faithful swain!
O that the wealth of Crœsus were but mine,
Then would we stand, at Venus' sacred shrine,
Two richly sculptur'd images of gold;
While thy dear hand a rose or lute should hold,
Or vermeil apple, and thy swain be dress'd,
New-sandal'd, in a dancer's gaudy vest.

Hah! no more wisdom? Yet so w
But hast thou Lytierses' numbers
Prolific Ceres, bless our fruitful so
Ripen the reddening ear, and crow
Bind—bind your sheaves; lest travel
"Such wooden fellows ill deserve t
Rear to the north or west, ye reapi
Your shocks; so gales salubrious s
Sleep not at noon, ye threshers; fr
When in brisk eddies the light chaf
Rise, reapers, with the lark, (yet se
At noon) and with the lark retire to
Sweet is the life of frogs: they nev
For they may drink, my striplings,
Boil, Pinch-penny, the lentils whole
Your slaves; you'd slit a bean, or fl
Thus should the reapers carol toil a
Thus pass, with useful songs, the sul
But go—such love-sick lays as fill t
Such dreams may

# IDYLLIUM

## THE ELEVENTH.

### *THE CYCLOPS.*

ADDRESSED TO NICIAS.

:IAS, how vain the labour, to remove,
drugs or healing herbs, the fire of love!
for the Muse alone, though rare her art,
quench, in lenient balms the burning dart!
ır to the Muse, 'tis thine full well to know,
boast no sweeter remedy below!
'was thus fam'd Polypheme, in elder days,
rm'd all his soul to rest, with soothing lays—
:n Galatea first inspir'd the vows
love—and youth sprung vivid on his brows!
, though the rustic swains their passion breathe
· braided tresses, or the rosy wreath;
h no such gifts of calm delight he lov'd—
his whole maddening breast the furies mov'd.
as he wander'd on the sedgy shore,
re all his care—his flocks review'd no more)
n grass-green meads his sheep were wont to
roam—
eek their cotes alone, returning home.
:eantime, (his Galatea all day long
burden of his sweet-repeated song,)

Why thus with scorn are all my vo
For though, in sleep, I see thy forn
I wake, and all the vision melts in
Ah, then thy beauties vanish from
Thus from the hoary wolf the lamb
Then first I lov'd, (and drank of lo
When, wandering round the hyacin
Fair nymph! thy guardian mother
I led thee to its flowers, a willing
Ah, from that hapless period have
Nor felt one pause of quiet in my
And yet, proud maid! my pangs n
Nor gain from thee a moment's sig
Indeed, I guess the cause of all th
My eye-brow stretch'd so shaggy a
One socket only, where my large e
And o'er my blubber lips such pro
Yet, though I'm such, I feed a tho
Milk the rich stream, and drink its
And from the fatness of the o'erflo

apple of delight! I sing with glee,
it the midnight hour, myself and thee!
hee ten does, all mark'd with moons, I rear;
four fine cubs—I plunder'd from a bear!
then—nor heed the dashing of the wave,
se, each night, more sweetly in my cave!
nymph! and I will give thee nothing less
thy own grotto yields thee, to possess!
e, ivy round my bays and cypress twines!
e grapes delicious load my blushing vines.
e, from deep-shaded Ætna's melting snows,
cooling spring's ambrosial beverage flows.
who, my fair-one, would prefer to these
dull, drear prospect of a waste of seas?
f my beard—my eye-brow be too rough,
oaken billets, and I've fire enough:
he red earth unquench'd my embers live;
to the flame my beard—my eye-brow give.
v'n to burn my life-blood I could bear—
is far dearer eye—to please my fair.
d I sprung (alas! my hapless doom)
fins, like fishes, from my mother's womb:
for thy waters I had left the land,
l down, and kiss'd, if not thy lips—thy hand!
had I brought thee lilies white as snow,
poppy-bells, with leaves that deeply glow!
yet, at once, my flowers I could not bring;
these in winter rise, and those in spring.
—now—dear maiden, will I learn to dive
me kind sailor at our coast arrive;
I may see what bliss is thine below—
t pleasures I would wish thee to forego.
come, my charming Galatea, come—
get (as I on this lone spot) thy home!

Ne'er whisper'd thee a word
These legs—this throbbing h
me.
O Cyclops, where is all thy
Go, weave thy baskets—go-
Where each green tree its te
Fresh fodder for the lambs—
Go—milk the first that offers
Why thus pursue the flying sl
Come—let me give this foolin
Another girl, still fairer, may
'Full many a pretty maid,
My smiles and jokes with frol
And hail me, as I join their sp
Though scorn'd at sea, I'm so
Thus could fond Polyphem
Through the sweet influence
That gave his love-sick heart
Than med'cines dearly bought

# IDYLLIUM
## THE TWELFTH.

### *TO A FRIEND.*

, art thou come, now three long days are past,
:rown the wishes of my soul, at last?
thou hast felt, unless thy heart be cold,
: faithful lovers in one day grow old.
as the apple's pulp outvies the sloe,
'ernal meads the wintry wastes of snow;
as the milky mothers of the plain
r wool more weighty than their lambs sustain;
as the virgin, in the prime of life,
els the matron three times dub'd a wife.
he light fawn the calf; or nightingales
ass the rival minstrels of the vales;
ır thy converse cheers! to thee I run,
ravellers to the beech that screens the sun,
that our fame of friendship long may live,
to recording bards new lustre give!
ıay we, through a deathless being, prove
golden joys of harmonizing love!
n, after many an age hath roll'd away,
some one meet my shade, and sweetly say,
ur friendship blooms, the theme of every tongue,
prompts the shepherd's tune—the poet's song.

Such are my prayers! may such the fates dispose
While, no dishonest pimple on my nose,
I with a firm-ton'd energy maintain—
"The joy I've felt with thee, outweighs the pain.'
Ye Megarensians, who, in equal time,
The music of your oars so softly chime;
Bless'd may ye flourish: since the' Athenian's cause
Gain'd, at his closing hour your just applause—
Above all strangers honour'd, since ye pay
Due rites to Diocles, each festal day.
Then sprightly boys, when spring begins to bloom
Sport, in soft contest, at their hero's tomb;
And who the sweetest kiss hath power to breathe
Bears to his mother many a rosy wreath.
Bless'd is the man, with more than vulgar bliss,
Whoe'er he be, that judges of the kiss!
Fair Ganymede—who makes the thunderer bow;
Whose lenient smile can smooth his angry brow;
His fury with a magic power command,
And stop his lightning in his lifted hand—
Had such a lip (or fame hath often lied—
And fame errs seldom on the better side)
As, a true touchstone, tried the proffer'd joy,
And the pure ore distinguish'd from alloy.

# IDYLLIUM
## THE THIRTEENTH.

### *HYLAS.*

ADDRESSED TO NICIAS.

How vain the' opinion (argue all we can)
That love, dear Nicias, is confin'd to man!
How vain, that beauty blooms for us alone:
Mortals, who idly deem one day our own!
  With iron bosom, though the beast he slew,
The charms of melting love Alcides knew!
He cherish'd Hylas, with his golden hair;
Felt all the fondness of parental care;
And taught him, as a sire instructs his son,
By manly virtues how renown is won!
Himself alike the model and the guide,
He watch'd assiduous at his Hylas' side;
Whether their course Aurora's white steeds run
From Jove's high dome; or blaz'd the noon-day sun;
Or the hen shook her wings, by twilight's gleam,
Gathering her chicken to the smoky beam—
That, tutor'd on instruction's steady plan,
The boy, in wisdom's way, might rise to man.
  But when bold Jason, for the golden fleece,
Brav'd the rough billows with the sons of Greece,
Who, duly chosen from the cities, came,
(Princes of high hereditary name)
'Twas then, at rich Iolcos' crouded strand,
Alcmena's toiling offspring met the band:
And Hylas, with a filial friendship fraught,
Close at his side, the firm-deck'd Argo sought.

'Midst Cyane's dread rocks the vessel pass'd,
And with an eagle's swiftness cleft the waste!
But, till the vernal breeze in safety curl'd
The heaving wave, her sails in Phasis furl'd.
Soon as the Pleiades shone, and milder May
Bade the light lambs o'er springing verdure play;
The flower of heroes, with a southern gale,
Spread on the Hellespont their rapid sail;
And through the smooth Propontus bent their prows,
Where rich Cyanean fields in furrows rose.
There landing on the beach, in pairs they spread,
Quick, for their evening-viands, many a bed;
Though some for ampler cates their couch provide
More spacious, where a shadowy mead supplied
Sharp ox-tongue's flowering plant, and rushes broad
That on the tufted ground the chieftains strow'd.
Swift Hylas o'er the meadow runs, to bring
In brazen vase fresh water from the spring,
For Hercules and Telamon, who stor'd
(Sworn comrades at the feast) one common board
Straight in the bosom of a lowly dell,
He found, beset with plants, a shaded well:
On its cool marge the fringing herbage grew—
The mingling dyes of celandine so blue,
With verdurous parsley, maidenhair's bright green
And vervain; while amid the watery scene,
Naïds, the dread of every rustic wight,
Led the gay dance, and revell'd through the night
Young Malis and Eunica form'd the ring,
And sweet Nychea, like the blooming spring.
His vase now dipping in the sable lymph,
Fair Hylas struck each fond enamour'd nymph!
They seiz'd!——down—down he drop'd, as from heaven's height
Shoots glittering to the main a starry light.

—' Unfurl your sails—(aloud the boatswain cries)
Speed, my brave boys! propitious gales arise!'
With soft address the nymphs soothe Hylas' fears,
And lull him on their laps, and kiss his tears.
Meantime Alcides, clouded o'er by grief,
Grasp'd (the dread image of a Scythian chief)
His long-bent bow: and, wildness in his look,
The club familiar to his right hand shook.
And thrice the clamour rent the trembling air)
On Hylas call'd in accents of despair!
From the deep waters Hylas thrice replied—
Though near, each feeble murmur, as at distance, [died!
Ev'n as the lion, if far off a fawn
Cry with sad plaint along the dusky lawn,
Starts from the covert of his mountain-wood,
And rushes on his ready feast of blood;
Thus Hercules, in dire disorder, takes [brakes;
His way through thickets and through devious
And strides (how wretched is the lover's lot!)
O'er hills and dreary glens—the fleece forgot:
Now fitted for the deep the vessel lay;
(Amphytrion's son expected with the day)
For all at night unfolded to the breeze
Her pendants stream'd across the shadowy seas.
He, in dark frenzy, rush'd through ways untrod;
For love had pierc'd his heart—a cruel god!
In vain—his Hylas, number'd with the bless'd,
The starry seats, in blooming youth, possess'd.
In vain—Immortal Hylas heard no more—
And Argo saw the quick-retiring shore:
Her chiefs aspersing his unspotted fame,
Affix deserter—to Alcides' name;
Yet soon, on foot, with hero-soul sublime,
He reach'd rude Phasis' haunts, and Cholcos' clime.

# IDYLLIUM

## THE FOURTEENTH.

### *CYNISCA'S LOVE.*

ÆSCHINES AND THYONICHUS.

*Æschines.*

Good-morrow Thyonichus! welcome—
*Thy.* Good-morrow!
*Æsc.* Well—I see you at last!
*Thy.* What a face full of sorro
*Æsc.* Too true!
*Thy.* So it seems, by your rough bushy forehe
Your visage drawn out, and mustachios so horri
I never, till yesterday, saw such another—
A beggar from Athens, in leanness your brother
Not a shoe to his foot, the poor squalid Pythagori
Believe me, was also in love—with a bag of gri
*Æsc.* My friend, you are jocular—I'm full
The lovely Cynisca hath slighted me so! [woe
Ah! nobody guesses what pain I endure;
I'm scarce a hair's-breadth from a maniac, I'm su
*Thy.* I know you, my friend—rough or smoot
your brow,
As it happens—but what hath befallen you now
*Æsc.* Cleonicus and I, at a villa of mine,
*Met the* Argive and Thessalan jockey, to dine

a roast pig and couple of fowls I had kill'd—
en we heartily ate—and as heartily swill'd!
! little thought I indeed of a scrape;
ile fragrant and brisk was the juice of the grape,
ugh bottled four years from the vintage (the
savour
cockles and garlic enriching the flavour.)
l now with our toasts the full bumpers were
crown'd,
the name of each mistress went merrily round.
she not a tittle: 'twas very distressing:
th the Jockey aside—' Now I'll give her a
dressing—
ute hath met with a Wolf, that no word can
escape her'— [taper!)
w she flush'd! at her face you might kindle a
eems there's one Wolfe—very slender in truth,
ugh cried up as a handsome and delicate youth!
h him long ago she was smitten, I heard;
I let the thing lie, and still cherish'd my beard.
ine, we had all of us drunk, and were mellow—
en the jocky, arch Apis, a mischievous fellow,
ick up, on a sudden, a frolicsome ditty,
Wolfe who was lovely, and sighing, and pretty!'
e an infant she sobb'd—when in violent pique,
u know me) I hit her a blow on the cheek!
n, swelling with passion, I hit her another—
all never forget—'twas so horrid a pother!
l ' mischief! (said I) was I right in my fears?
one, nor insult me! a curse on thy tears!
one; since a sweeter thy bosom possesses;
cherish his love with thy wanton caresses!'
ck-rising, she gather'd her vest in a knot,
fleet, as from under the roof of a cot

The swallow (just fed her yet clamorous brood,
Skims around, for another provision of food;
She flew from her chair, in a frantic disorder,
Glided over the lobby; and then through the forest
Glanc'd away—sure the proverb is true to my co
'The bull in the midst of the thicket is lost!'
Two months will to-morrow be gone, since
seen her—
Since here I've been sighing—'How fatal a dinn
And never, alas! from that terrible day, sir,
Hath my beard (like a Thracian's) felt edge of a ra
Ever since hath she liv'd day and night with
Wolfe;
Regardless of me, a poor shade, or the gulf
Into which she has plung'd me! I wish I could l
And rise, over head as I am—in love-water. [
Like the mouse that hath bitten the pitch I compl
Attempting to swallow the morsel in vain.
Thyonichus, what shall I do, to get rid
Of my passion? I'll do as my neighbour Sim d
You know, though he lov'd the proud girl
distraction,
He enlisted—and fought away love in an actio
And I too—no dastardly fellow I wist—
To fight it away, am resolv'd to enlist!

*Thy.* I wish thee success with the little wing'd
But, if thou'rt determin'd on warfare abroad,
King Ptolemy, best of all kings, I engage, is
Full ready, my boy, to reward thee with wage

*Æsc.* Is he generous?

*Thy.* He boasts a benevolent spirit.
Attach'd to the freeborn, encouraging merit!
Good-nature and courtesy welcome the guest;
And pleasantry adds to his dainties a zest;

:, whilst for his friends gencrosity shapes him,
ieve me, an enemy never escapes him.
gives like a monarch, nor ever refuses—
ides, he's the patron and boast of the Muses!
, therefore, (thy love swallow'd up by ambition)
Ægypt, and offer a modest petition!
arm thee, and throw the short cloak o'er thy shoulder—
meet the fierce phalanx stand bolder and bolder;
t hasten—In life there's no room for delay—
'n now, my dear boy, we begin to decay!
e silvers the brow, to the cheeks stealing on—
s in vigour of youth that the battle is won!

THE

## SYRACUSIAN GOS

[AN INTERLUDE, IN THR

### DRAMATIS PERSON

| | |
|---|---|
| GORGO | MAN |
| EUNOE | STRAN( |
| PRAXINOE | GREEK |
| OLD WOMAN | |

## ACT I.

*SCENE, Praxinoe's house, in th Alexandria.*

GORGO, PRAXINOE, EUN

*Eun.* I have——

*Pra.* Pray sit down—

*Gor.* What a terrible din!

What a pother! 'tis well I escap'd in whole skin!
What a brave heart have I! to pass so many folks
That clatter'd in sandals, and jostled in cloaks!
And coaches—you cannot imagine the throng!
I'm quite out of breath—and the way is so long!

*Pra.* Too true: 'Tis the fault of my plaguy old soul!
And here must we live, and put up with a hole.
What a desert! To vex me he tries all he can;
He was ever a strange unaccountable man!
He knew I could almost have died for the loss
Of your chat—but my schemes 'tis his pleasure to cross.

*Gor.* [*Pointing to the child.*] Hush, madam—observe him—how earnest his eye—
Don't talk of your husband, when Zopy is by.

*Pra.* I don't mean your papa, my sweet little jewel!

*Gor.* But he understands—no—papa's not so cruel,

*Pra.* This fellow then (we may disguise it, you know,
And talk of the thing as if some time ago)
This block of a fellow once happen'd to stop,
To buy me some nitre and paint at a shop;
When, for nitre, he purchas'd bay-salt; and, for rouge,
The long-lubber gawky bought yellow gambouge.

*Gor.* Lord! mine is as bad! you could hardly have thought,
For five fleeces like dogs-hair, and dear in a groat,
That he squander'd away seven drachms! the sweet honey!
Well might it be said he was fleec'd of his money!

But come, take your cloak—to Adonis we hast
And fasten your robe with its clasps to your wa
Our queen is preparing a sight so divine—

*Pra.* Aye—all things, besure, with fine people
fine!
But describe to me these preparations, so nov
To me who am coop'd in this lone little hovel.

*Gor.* 'Tis high time to go; and we'll talk at
leisure,

*Pra.* Bring water: come quickly, you slut! v
a pleasure
These cats must enjoy on the down of a bed!
Go drive them away: But, you statue of lead
First bring me the water: see—see how you
Enough!—and how dare you so carelessly spil
Such a flood on my gown? well, I'm wash'd—
be bless'd!
Here, hussey—and give me the key of my ch

*Gor.* Your robe—let me see—I protest, 'tis
clumsy:
Pray what did it cost? nay, it vastly becomes

*Pra.* Don't ask me—it cost two good pounds
a crown;
And my life I'd near into the bargain laid dow

*Gor.* No waste of your time or your mo
however.

*Pra.* True, Gorgo: come bring me my scarf
be clever
In putting it on—and see there my umbrella.
But as for my Zopy, the dear little fellow—
*You* cannot go with us; the horses will bite;
*You may* cry—but the goblin will come in the

Cry on if you please, sir; you shall not get hurt—
Yet, girl, pray endeavour the child to divert!
Bolt the door; but first call in the house-dog to watch;
And see you don't lift, while I'm absent, the latch.
[*Exeunt*,

## ACT II.

*SCENE, the street at Alexandria.*

PRAXINOE, GORGO, OLD WOMAN, MAN, &c.

*Praxinoe.*

Good Heav'ns! what a tide! how or when shall
we stem it?
The street is as full as the bank of an emmet!
O Ptolemy, great are the deeds thou hast done,
Since thy father hath left, for Olympus, the throne!
A thief or a robber how seldom we meet;
Though pick-pockets formerly crouded the street!
—Heavens! what shall we do? the war-horses
advance!
Friend! do not ride over me! see how they prance!
That terrible bay, how he rears! let's be gone—
Come, Eunoe—the rider, I'm sure, will be thrown.
Thank heaven that my boy is at home—let us haste—

*Gor.* Cheer up, dear Praxinoe—the danger is past.

*Pra.* Well—now I begin to recover my fright—
From a child I've been ready to faint at the sight
Of an horse or an adder—but let's keep our ground—
The mob from all quarters is thronging around.

*Enter* OLD WOMAN.

*Gor.* From the hall, mother?

*Old Wom.* Yes.

*Gor.* Can we press, through the swarm, in?

*Old Wom.* That's a point which the trial can only determine.
He only, my daughter, who tries, can enjoy—
By trying, the Greeks became masters of Troy.
[*Exit.*

*Gor.* The crone! what a learned, oracular exit!
Sure women have knowledge—but love to per-
So high is their soaring sagacity carried— [plex it!
They can tell you, how Jove to his Juno was married.
Praxinoe! see what a croud at the gate!

*Pra.* Immense! but 'tis troublesome, Gorgo, to wait!
Come, give me your hand! and thou, Eunoe, stick
(Take care not to lose her) to madam Eutyck!
Let us enter together! good god! what a gap!
My spring-silk has met with a horrid mishap!
And my scarf in a moment—oh! oh! sir—forbear—
And may Jupiter bless you—

*Man.* Dear madam, my care
Be assur'd—

*Pra.* How they thrust! I am sure I am hurt!

*Man.* Good madam! cheer up, we are riding in port!

*Pra.* And there may you ride, sir, this year and the next—
Still Eunoe's terribly jostled and vext!
Struggle stoutly, my girl!—very well! as he cried—
'We're all in!'—when he lock'd himself up with *his* bride.

[Scene closes.

## ACT III.

### *SCENE, the hall of the Palace.*

GORGO, PRAXINOE, STRANGER, GREEK SINGING-GIRL.

*Gorgo.*

PRAXINOE! see the rich-tapestried room!
How exquisite! sure it was wrought in the loom
Of the gods!

*Pra.* And how striking! how bold the designs!
No pencil could draw such elaborate lines!
Minerva! they rise above critical strictures!
For what animation enlightens the pictures!
Man's indeed a wise animal! see how they move—
Nay, start from the hangings: they cannot be wove!
But look on yon figure: how charming he lies!
All silver the couch, and so vivid the dyes
Of his young downy beard—'tis not hard to discover
The features of Venus's beautiful lover.

*Str.* Cease—cease—idle dames, your impertinent tattle!
As hoarse and as broad as the pigeons ye prattle.

*Gor.* Indeed! who are you? though we talk, shall you curb us?
Seek those who will listen, nor dare to disturb us!
Dost think Syracusians will tamely knock under?
That can trace to the city of Corinth their founder!
No, Master Officious! 'tis seldom you hear of one
A slave, that's descended from mighty Bellerophon.

And as to our tongue, you've no reason to tease us :
'Tis our own mother language of Peloponnesus.

*Pra.* We have husbands, beside, that will bluster and cuff!
One tyrant, besure, is in conscience enough.

*Gor.* Hush—hush—my dear life! she's preparing the song:
The sweet little Grecian! how still is the throng!
She'll excel pensive Sperchis! see—see her prepare
With a languish so soft—so delicious an air!
So meltingly plaintive her musical tone is——
But hark!—she's beginning the death of Adonis.

*The Greek girl sings.*

Sweet-smiling arbitress of love,
Queen of the soft Idalian grove;
Whom Golgos and the' Erycian height—
And thy fair fanes of gold delight!
How lov'd the down-shod Hours have led
Thy own Adonis from the dead,
To all thy ardent wishes dear;
Restor'd—to bless the closing year!
Still, though they move on lagging wing,
The Hours some balmy blessing bring!
Hail, daughter of Dione, hail,
Whose power from dark Avernus' vale
Caught Berenice to the bless'd,
And with ambrosia fill'd her breast!
For thee, bright goddess of the skies,
To whom a thousand temples rise,
The child of Berenice comes—
*Arsinoe*, (Helen like she blooms)

With nature's luxuries to adorn
Thy lov'd Adonis' festal morn!
Lo! fruits, whate'er creation yields,
Lo! the ripe produce of the fields
And gardens, mingling many a dye,
In silver baskets round him lie!
See, richly cas'd in glowing gold,
Yon box of alabaster hold
The sweets of Syrian groves: and stor'd
With honied cakes, the luscious board!
Observe, whatever skims the air,
Or lives on earth, assembled there!
And green shades, arch'd with anise, rise,
Where many a little Cupid flies,
Like the young nightingales that love,
New-fledg'd, to flutter through the grove—
Now perching, now with short essay
Borne on weak wing from spray to spray!
Of gold—of ebon what a store!
And see two ivory eagles soar,
Swift carrying to the seats above
The blooming cup-bearer of Jove!
  Behold that tapestry diffuse
The richness of the Tyrian hues!
Ev'n they who tend Milesian sheep
Would own, 'tis softer far than sleep!
  Amid this bed's relieving shade,
Mark rosy-arm'd Adonis laid!
And on that couch survey the bride,
Rejoicing in the vernal pride
Of him, whose love-embathed kiss
Glows with the breath of eager bliss!
Now let her joy—But ere the morn
Shall dry the dews that gem the thorn,

His image to the shore we'll bear,
With robes unzon'd, and flowing hair–
With bosoms open'd to the day;
And warble thus the choral lay:

'Thou—thou alone, dear youth, 'tis
Canst leave the mansions of the dead;
And, passing oft the dreary bourne,
Duly to earth's green seats return!
Such favour not the' Atridæ knew,
Nor who the fleecy flocks o'erthrew!
Nor Hector, his fond mother's joy;
Nor Pyrrhus, proud of plunder'd Tro
Nor ev'n Patroclus great and good;
Nor they who boast Deucalion's blood
Nor Pelops' sons; nor, first in fame,
The high Pelasgians' blazon'd name.'

Propitious, O Adonis, hear;
Thus bring delight each future year!
Kind to our vows Adonis prove,
And greet us with returning love!

*Gor.* How sweetly she sings! Lord how she must know!
Happy minstrel! but bless me,'tis high time
Should my husband return before dinner is
With his blustering vagaries my head would b
Adieu, then, at present, my sweetest Adon
And again may you meet such a croud cronies!

# IDYLLIUM

## THE SIXTEENTH.

## *THE GRACES;*

OR,

## HIERO.

WHILE each fair action of celestial birth,
Jove's race record, and Bards the deeds of earth;
The deathless Muse and mortal Poet share,
Touch'd with a kindred flame, a kindred care.
Yet who, beneath the circling sun, repays
With grateful presents our applausive lays?
Lo! from the proud unhospitable dome
Our panegyrics haste ungifted home;
Indignant, of the cold regard complain,
Sigh o'er our song, and mourn the journey vain!
Then recommitted to their lonely seat,
An empty chest's chill comfortless retreat;
Timid and pinch'd by penury, they freeze,
And press with fainting heads their shivering knees.
For, ah! who, values now the plauding lyre?
Who feels the patriot's—who, the hero's fire?
Alas! no chieftains, as in ancient days,
Love the fair meed, and tremble for our praise!
All—all, the sordid ministers of gain,
Heed not the hollow tinkling of our strain;

Wiser to solid heaps of silver trust,
Nor ev'n impart an atom of its rust.
'Led by an alien's dreams let others roam—
I care not—charity begins at home!
(With hand upon his breast, the miser cries)
Money is all I want—Be others wise!
My humble prayer is only to be rich—
Heaven will provide the poet with a niche:
Beside, had I a wish for sterling sense,
I've Homer, and can read without expense.'
Say, wretch, what profits all thy precious ore?
Say, what avails, to heap the shining store?
Not thus the wise their prosper'd riches use,
The friends and benefactors of the Muse:
While prudence for themselves reserves a part,
Their kindred praise the hospitable heart;
Each fellow-being owns their generous cares,
And every god his due libation shares.
'Tis theirs to welcome every coming guest;
And, blessing each departing friend, be bless'd:
But chiefly theirs, to mark with high regard
The Muse's laurel'd priest—the holy bard;
Lest in the grave their unsung glory fade,
And their cold moan pierce Acheron's dreary shade
As the poor labourer, who, with portion scant,
Laments his long hereditary want.
What though Aleua's and the Syrian's domes
Saw crouding menials fill their festal rooms;
What though o'er Scopas' fields rich plenty flow'd,
And herds innumerous through his vallies low'd;
What though the bountiful Creondæ drove
Full many a beauteous flock, through many a grove
*Yet when* expiring life could charm no more,
*And their* sad spirits sought the Stygian shore;

Their grandeur vanish'd with their vital breath,
And riches could not follow them, in death!
Lo these, for many a rolling age, had lain
In blank oblivion, with the vulgar train,
Had not their bard, the mighty Ceian, strung
His many-chorded harp, and sweetly sung,
In various tones, each high-resounded name,
And giv'n to long posterity their fame!
  Verse can alone the steed with glory grace,
Whose wreaths announce the triumph of the race!
Could Lycia's chiefs, or Cycnus' changing hues,
Or Ilion live, with no recording muse?
Not ev'n Ulysses, who through dangers ran
For ten long years, in all the haunts of man;
Who ev'n descended to the depths of hell,
And fled, unmangled, from the Cyclops' cell—
Not he had liv'd, but sunk, oblivion's prey,
Had no kind poet stream'd the' unfading ray!
Thus too Philœtius had in silence past,
And, nameless, old Laertes breath'd his last;
And good Eumæus fed his herds in vain,
But for Ionia's life-inspiring strain.
  Lo, while the spirit of the spendthrift heir
Wings the rich stores amass'd by brooding care—
While the dead miser's scattering treasures fly;
THE MUSE FORBIDS THE GENEROUS MAN TO DIE!
Yet 'tis, at least, as easy an essay,
From the red-brick to wash its hues away;
Or, when the stormy billows beat the shore,
To mark each wave, and count their number o'er;
As from his wealth the miser's soul to part,
Or bid one liberal thought expand his heart.
Peace to all such! Be their's the countless store,
And still, augmenting, may they covet more!

For me, be ever my first wish, to prove,
Above the price of gold, esteem and love——
For me, who now pursue the paths of fame,
Though rough those paths, and dim the Muse's flame;
Unless a patron's kind regard inspire,
And Jove's auspicious omens fan the fire.
The' unwearied sun still rolls from year to year:
Still shall proud victors in the race appear!
Great as the stern Pelides' self, ere long
A man shall shine, the subject of my song;
Or in the might of towering Ajax rise,
Who fought on Simois' plain, where Ilus lies.
Ev'n now where Libya views the westering day,
Phoenician armies shrink in pale dismay!
Ev'n now, the Syracusians take the field,
Couch the strong spear, and bend the sallow shield;
While, as the chiefs by hymning poets bless'd,
Great Hiero comes, and nods the horse-hair crest.
Hear, O Minerva, and paternal Jove,
And ye, who honour with your guardian love
The walls of wealthy Syracuse, that throw
Their awful shadows on the lake below—
Hear! and may destiny o'erwhelming sweep
Our foes away, far distant through the deep!—
Far from this isle, a scatter'd few, to tell
Widows' and orphans' sons, what myriads fell!
And may the cities they had raz'd, arise
Girt with new strength, and tower into skies—
Each old inhabitant his own resume,
And all the rural scene, its former bloom!
There, thousand flocks through rich luxuriance play,
And droves of oxen croud the travellers' way:
There may the fallow fields be plough'd again,
And sown with each variety of grain;

: time shrill-singing from the topmost trees
sunburnt swain the perch'd cicada sees.
. spider's webs shall fill the rusted shield,
every soldier shall forget the field—
, Hiero, while exulting bards proclaim,
spread, beyond the Scythian sea, thy name;
v'n Semiramis' high tow'rs attend,
ier bitumen'd walls in terror bend!
k are my powers'—yet many a bard shall join,
string their harps belov'd by all the Nine,
mn Sicilia's tribes—her Arethuse,
Hiero, blazon'd by the warlike Muse!
sister-maids, who love the stream that flows
e your first votary's breathing incense rose;
though in still suspense may sleep my lyre,
d no kind whisper wake the trembling wire—
f a patron's voice invite the Muse,
my dull ear the soothing tone refuse?
in your bowers for ever may I dwell,
hus the heavy gloom of life dispel!
ss'd by you, what charm can being give?
you, ye sister-maids, be mine to live!

# IDYLLIUM
## THE SEVENTEENTH.

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### PTOLEMY.

Ye Muses, if ye hymn the first above,
With Jove begin the strain, and end with Jove!
To Ptolemy, the first on earth, belong
Your harp's preluding tones—your closing song!
Heroes of old enjoy'd the immortal meed
Of bards, who blazon'd each distinguish'd deed!
Thus in my lays shall Ægypt's Sovereign live;
Such lays as ev'n to Gods new glory give!
The woodman, lost in Ida's shades of oak,
Doubts where to strike, and long delays the stroke!
Thus while around the princely splendors stream,
I hesitate amidst the various theme! [shone—
Say Muse, how bright the high-soul'd father
What peerless wisdom deck'd his envied throne!
Him Jove receiv'd with honours, as a god,
A golden palace his sublime abode!
And near, above the prostrate Persian great,
The mitred Ammon holds his living seat:
While, opposite, the foe to monsters gaunt,
Alcides sits enthron'd in adamant—
Where, midst the' immortals, with ambrosia bless'd,
*He views his* heirs, and hails each son a guest;

And joys, that, deathless through the lapse of years,
His progeny the bloom of glory wears!
For, sprung from Hercules the last, they trace
To heaven the lineage of a godlike race!
When (as each vein the fragrant nectar fires)
To taste connubial rapture he retires;
To this he gives, so fatal to the foe,
His shafted quiver, and his long-bent bow;
To that his iron club in charge allots,
Ponderous in all the solid strength of knots:
Thus, with his arms, they lead the son of Jove
To silver-footed Hebe's bed of love.
But Berenice—Gods! her sex's pride—
What prudence crown'd the beauties of the bride!
Sure, Venus' self her odour'd bosom press'd,
And breath'd the soul of love into her breast!
Touch'd by such merits her adorer came,
And husband never felt so pure a flame!
Her glowing ardors heighten'd all her charms,
And more than equal fondness bless'd his arms!
How oft, discarding all the monarch's care,
The lover's luxuries he was wont to share;
Pleas'd on his sons the burthen to remove,
And taste the sweet delights of wedded love!
Ah! how unlike the faithless consort's joys,
While far from home her vagrant passion flies:
Though numerous sons announce her guilty fire,
Not one reflects the image of the sire.
Through the fond favour of thy guardian eye,
O thou, the fairest daughter of the sky,
The lovely Queen, O Venus, scap'd the grave,
Yet never wafted o'er the moaning wave;
But (ere she saw the' infernal waters flow)
Snatch'd from the grisly ferryman below—

Amid the radiance of thy temple plac'd,
And with a share of all thy glory grac'd:
There, kind to all who worship at her shrine,
She breathes soft loves, and sighs that equal thine.
His sable eye-brow'd spouse to Tydeus bore
Stern Diomed, who carnag'd Ilion's shore:
To Peleus, Thetis bare the warlike boy,
Whose far-whirl'd darts were destin'd to destroy:
'Twas Berenice's happier fate to bear
Thee to high Lagus, an unequall'd heir!
Then brightening Coos, as she saw thee born,
With unfeign'd triumphs hail'd thy infant morn!
For, there invok'd, benign Lucina came,
And breath'd soft languors o'er thy mother's frame!
While, beauteous offspring, Coos laugh'd to see
Thy father's features all reviv'd in thee—
While, as her eyes survey'd thy lovely charms,
She clasp'd thee, shouting, to her eager arms:
'Bless'd boy! such glories on my island shed,
As Phœbus on his Delos stream'd! (she said)
Through thee exalted may the Dorians' fame
Vie, in fair honours, with Rhenæa's name!' [round,
She ceas'd: and thrice, the clouds quick opening
Jove's soaring eagle clang'd the auspicious sound:
The sacred omen spoke peculiar love,
And mark'd, as soon as born, the' elect of Jove.
Such favourites, Heaven-protected at their birth,
Wield the bright sceptre o'er the subject earth;
While, rising from the rich prolific shower,
Wide plenty waves, and myriads bless their power.
Yet, where the fatness of the Nile o'erflows,
With more abundant fruits old Ægypt glows:
See her low meads in fresh luxuriance teem,
Deep as their glebe imbibes the triturating stream.

Here too, O Ptolemy, beneath thy sway,
What cities glitter to the beams of day!
Lo! with thy statelier pomp no kingdom vies,
While round thee thrice ten thousand cities rise!
Struck by the terror of thy flashing sword,
Syria bow'd down—Arabia call'd thee lord!
Phœnicia trembled, and the Lybian plain,
With the black Æthiop, own'd thy wide domain!
Ev'n Lesser Asia and her isles grew pale,
As o'er the billows pass'd thy crowd of sail!
Earth feels thy nod—and all the subject sea—
And each resounding river rolls for thee!
And, while around thy thick battalions flash,
Thy proud steeds neighing for the warlike clash;
Through all thy marts the tide of commerce flows,
And wealth, beyond a monarch's grandeur, glows.
Secure from ravages, or slaughtering arms,
The rustics reap the produce of their farms;
Pasture their herds, where Nile o'erflows the coast,
Nor dread the navies of the' invading host.
Such gold-hair'd Ptolemy! whose easy port
Speaks the soft polish of the manner'd court;
And whose severer aspect, as he wields
The spear dire-blazing, frowns in tented fields:
And though he guards, while other kingdoms own
His conquering arms, the' hereditary throne;
Yet in vast heaps no useless treasure stor'd
Lies, like the riches of an emmet's hoard;
But with his gifts adorn'd, each holy shrine,
And ev'n the domes of kings and subjects shine:
Nor from the sacred feasts, where many a choir
Wake to high minstrelsy the rival lyre,
His bards with melancholy step depart;
But triumph in the meed that crowns their art.

Hence, then, the Muse's grateful prophet sings
His honour'd Ptolemy—supreme of kings!—
Can patrons in a fairer aim rejoice
Than thus to purchase fame's enduring voice?
This nobler wealth while still the' Atridæ hold,
Troy buried lies—and all their heaps of gold!
Lo! Ptolemy, on virtue's arduous road,
Hath in the footsteps of his father trode;
Yet rising over every fervent trace,
His manlier mien displays superior grace!
He—he alone, by all the Nine rever'd,
The fragrant temple to his parents rear'd;
Bade their bright forms in gold and ivory rise,
And smile upon the solemn sacrifice.
There, with his queen, he duly decks the shrine
(When roll the months around) with rites divine;
And fatten'd bullocks, as the flame aspires,
Burns in the blushing altar's holy fires;
Fair at his side Arsinoe's blooming grace,
Than whom no lovelier queen, of mortal race,
The blessings of so great a consort proves—
The brother and the husband of her loves.
Thus too the gods—Thus Jove and Juno wed;
And odour'd Iris shapes the' immortal bed!
Great monarch, hail! Be mine to bid thee rise;
And reach, with brother demigods, the skies!
My verse the praise of future times shall prove—
But thou, ask virtue of almighty Jove!

# IDYLLIUM
## THE EIGHTEENTH.

THE

## *EPITHALAMIUM OF HELEN.*

In Sparta once, when Atreus' younger son
The prize of peerless charms in Helen won,
Twelve maids, the fairest of the Spartan fair,
(Soft hyacinthine wreaths adorn'd their hair)
Twelve lovely maids, Lacænæ's noblest pride,
Approach'd the tap'stried chamber of the bride;
Led their gay dances at the bridal room,
And fill'd with choral song the festive dome;
To the light measure as they beat the ground,
And glanc'd their many-twinkling feet around,
'Why sleep, dear bridegroom! (was the nuptial lay)
Ere night's pale curtain shade the twilight day?
Why thus repose thee on thy downy bed?
Say, have too plenteous wines oppress'd thy head?
Dear bridegroom, slumber, if thou wilt at eve—
Yet leave the bride—the lovely Helen leave?
Come, with her fellow-virgins let her play,
And own a mother's care, 'till dawn of day!
For, if a few short maiden hours be past,
Think, think, impatient man, they are her last!
From morn to night—from year to year thy wife,
Thrice happy bridegroom, she is thine for life!

Sure, Cupid's lucky sneeze inspir'd thy love,
To seek a father in Saturnian Jove ;
And bless'd among the demi-gods, to gain
The brightest nymph of all the' Achaian trai
If, featur'd with their mother's charms, they
Well may thy beauteous offspring grace the
Of all our virgin tribes, that oft are seen
Anointed for the revels of the green,
Beside Eurotas' cooling baths—not one
A spotless form, compar'd with Helen, shon
For as the cypress in the garden fair,
Or the tall steed that draws Thessalia's car,
Or as the rising of the purple morn,
When far—far off the wintry clouds are bor
Ev'n as the morn when spring's soft zephyr
With roseate charms the golden Helen glow
In toil unrivall'd, as in beauty's bloom,
Behold her various labours of the loom!
In webs, no Spartan female e'er display'd
Such colours melting into mellow shade.
See, with unequall'd grace she sweeps the s
Whether to her according harp she sings
Minerva's name, or wakes the liquid fire,
In chaste Diana's praise, along the lyre!
See, (as the lyric murmurs sweetly die)
Love, charming boy, sits playing in her eye
Ah, gentle girl! no longer of our train—
Yet we, when morning-light illumes the pl
Will crop the meadow-leaves, that sweetly b
To weave for thee a variegated wreath ;
And mourn thee, as the solitary lamb
Laments with plaintive cries its absent dan
Be flowering Lotus twin'd, that loves the g
*And with* its wreath the plane-tree b
crown'd ;

While dropping on the shaded turf below,
From silver shells ambrosial unguents flow:
And let us grave this line, in Dorian strain,
'Revere me, traveller: I am Helen's plane.'
'Hail, happy pair, by smiling Hymen led,
Hail, happy pair, may Venus bless your bed!
May kind Latona mark your mutual love;
May riches crown your bliss—the gift of Jove!
Long may they grace the' hereditary throne;
And roll, in splendid tides, from sire to son!
Now sleep—and breathing on each breast desire,
Temper with sweet esteem your amorous fire!
Yet rise, as crimson streaks the orient grey—
Remember—we shall chaunt the choral lay,
Soon as the cock shall stretch his plumed throat,
Shake his gay crest, and sound his early note!
Sleep on, bless'd pair! a numerous offspring raise;
And give to Hymen's joys your golden days!'

# IDYLLIUM

## THE NINETEENTH.

THE

## *HONEY STEALER.*

As Cupid, once, the arrant'st rogue alive,
Robb'd the sweet treasures of the fragrant hive,
A bee the frolic urchin's finger stung—
With many a loud complaint his hands he wrung,
Stampt wild the ground, his rosy finger blew,
And straight, in anguish, to his mother flew:
'Mother, (he cried, in tears all frantic drown'd)
'Twas but a little bee! and what a wound!'
But she with smiles her hapless boy survey'd,
And thus, in chiding accents, sweetly said:
'Of thee a truer type is no where found—
Who, though so little, giv'st so great a wound!'

# IDYLLIUM
## THE TWENTIETH.

## *EUNICA,*
OR
## THE NEATHERD.

Lord! when to kiss the city-maid I tried,
How proud she look'd; and flouted me, and cried,
' Away, thou rustic! nor my lips profane—
Dost think I ever learnt to kiss a swain?
No—I delight in city-lips alone—
Thou should'st not kiss me in a dream—begone.
How sweet thy accents! what a charming air!
How soft thy downy beard! thy locks how fair!
No—Caitiff—hands so tawny—lips so thick—
And such a smell! begone! for I am sick!'
She spoke—and spitting thrice, the saucy slut
Titter'd, and ey'd me o'er from head to foot;
And frown'd, and winc'd about to show her shape,
And laugh'd aloud, and mutter'd—' what an ape!'
Wild as she flung away, I speechless stood:
In anger boil'd the current of my blood!
Quick to my face the flushing crimson flew,
And like a rose I look'd o'ercharg'd with dew!

Still—still resentment in my breast I bear—
That she should scorn a youth so passing fair!
But say, my comrade-swains, and tell me truth—
Am not I bright in all the bloom of youth?
Or else what god hath fashion'd me anew?
Erst my fair form shone lovely to the view!
My beard, soft-spread, like clasping ivy, clung;
My locks, like parsley, down my temples hung!
White o'er my sable eye-brows—snowy white—
My open forehead seem'd one lustrous light!
My eyes a living azure as they stream'd,
Ev'n than Minerva's more divinely beam'd.
My lips, like cream, with dulcet sounds replete,
Dropp'd music than the honey-comb more sweet;
And all enchanting flow'd the liquid note,
Or from my pipe, or flute, or Dorian oat!
The girls upon the hills confess my charms,
And, sighing, long to clasp me in their arms!
But for this flirt—so tinctur'd with the town—
Who scorn'd, forsooth, the proffers of a clown:
She never knew, that Bacchus, though divine,
Pastur'd, amidst the vales, his lowing kine;
That Venus ev'n to cits a swain prefer'd,
And help'd him, on the hill, to feed his herd;
Or, fir'd by fair Adonis, that in groves
The Paphian queen enjoy'd and mourn'd her loves.
And was not sweet Endymion's self a swain—
Whom Luna lov'd, descending to the plain,
Whilst for the Latmian lawn she left her sphere?
And did not Rhea hold a herdsman dear?
Nay—'twas thy will through wild-wood haunts to rove
*Ev'n for* a little herdsboy, father Jove!

And yet a neatherd's love Eunica thinks
Beneath her notice—the conceited minx!
And vaunts her graces—ev'n unmatch'd, I ween,
By Rhea, Cynthia, or the Cyprian queen!
Bewitching beauty! though, besure, we see
A second Cytherea bloom in thee,
O may'st thou sigh, for aye—and sigh in vain—
To kiss thy lover of the town again!
Despis'd by every cit, be thine to prove
The hill's rude breezes for a herdsman's love!
But may the rustic's scorn thy crime atone,
And, slighted, may'st thou sleep all night—alone!

THE TWENTY-FIRST

*THE FISHERMEN*

ASPHALION AND FRIE

ADDRESSED TO

DIOPHANTUS.

'Tis penury, Diophantus, keeps alive
The various arts, and bids invention th
Yet breaks the labourer's little share o
And fills with anxious thought his throb
For lo! if gentle sleep his eyelids clos
Some care bursts in, and murders his r
Two good old fishermen in -l- l

Skins, gibbous seins, and weels of osier dank,
And wires; and drawn upon a creaky plank
(Their caps upon its stern) a long-worn boat;
A mat their pillow; and their rug, a coat;
All mark'd their labour great, their treasure small—
These were their stores—this little was their all.
Not ev'n a dog or pot was theirs: though poor
And lone without a neighbour on the shore,
They pass'd their hours, with poverty their friend;
(To fish—their simple being's aim and end)
And deem'd their shed a palace; liv'd in glee;
Nor fear'd the welcome visit of the sea,
Whose ripling waves roll'd round them, every tide,
And wash'd their little hovel's tottering side.

Not yet the moon had travell'd half the skies,
When thoughts of friendly toil unseal'd their eyes;
And shaking from their lids the sleepy dews,
They cheer'd their bosoms with an artless muse.

*Asp.* Sure, friend, they lie, who say, the summer-light
Soon brings the day-spring, and curtails the night.
For I have seen this night full many a dream,
Though yet far distant from the morning beam,
Have I forgot? In truth, I am not wrong!
The tedious hours lag heavily along.

*Fri.* How vain to blame the summer-sun's delay!
The hours unvarying urge their destin'd way:
'Tis care that lengthens out the gloom, more deep
At every tedious pause of broken sleep!

*Asp.* Pray, hast thou learnt, my friend, the happy art
A dream's mysterious meaning to impart?

To thee I would unfold my nightly care,
And, as we share our fish, the vision share.
Come then, I tell thee, 'twas a charming sight,
And trust thy genius will interpret right.
He seems, my friend, the shrewdest judge of dreams,
In whom the spirit of conjecture beams.
We've ample time: here sleepless on a bed
Of leaves, the billows gurgling round our shed,
What shall we do? indeed the living light
In Prytaneum burns both day and night.

*Fri.* Come, then, recite this vision to thy friend,
Whose ear shall every incident attend.

*Asp.* When, weary from our labours on the deep,
Last evening, I had clos'd my eyes in sleep;
(Nor was my stomach full—for supping late
A sparing meal we hastily had ate)
Methought upon a shelving rock I stood,
And eyed the gambols of the scaly brood;
Let down, as I was wont, my baited hook,
And oft the glancing lure impatient shook.
Then one, (in sleep we image what we wish—
Dogs dream of bones, and fishermen of fish)
A huge one, gorg'd the bait; and, flouncing, dyed
With gushing crimson the transparent tide.
I stretch'd my arm, and, fill'd with anxious hope,
Loosen'd the line, and gave him ampler scope;
Yet, if my bending rod asunder snapt,
Fear'd the strong animal was vainly trapt—
Debating, how I could contrive, at all,
To take so large a fish, with hook so small.
At length I cried: 'doth still thy vigour brave
'My toils?'—as grasping him above the wave
He prick'd full sorely. Yet o'ercome at last
He faintly struggled, and I held him fast,

But how amaz'd, when, all my labour o'er,
I saw a fish of gold upon the shore!
Fear crept through all my frame. 'Perchance
(thought I)
It may be one of Neptune's favourite fry!
Or Amphitrite's treasure!'—so I took,
And gently loos'd him from my faithful hook,
Lest from his glistening mouth a grain of gold
Might stick about the barb: and now, more bold,
With cords I drew him on the beach—and swore
'That I'd set foot in fishing-boat no more;
But here, since gold would purchase every thing,
I'd live at home, at leisure, like a king.'
I straight awoke: But what am I to do?
Tell me—I fear my oath—and tell me true.

*Fri.* Fear not: 'Tis all a phantom of the brain;
Vain is thy fish of gold—thy oath is vain.
To realize thy hopes, be thine to take
The finny fry, not sleeping, but awake.
Go then—for fish more solid try the stream,
Nor die, for hunger, in a golden dream.

# IDYLLIUM

## THE TWENTY-SECOND.

## *CASTOR AND POLLUX.*

### PART THE FIRST.

LEDA'S and Jove's great sons my verse inspire—
The sons of Jove, their ægis-bearing sire!
Castor;—and Pollux dreadful in the lists,
The cestus brac'd with throngs around his wrists!
My frequent song shall hymn your manly grace,
Ye twins, the glory of the Spartan race!
Powers, who protect us from the foe, and shield
Our scar'd steeds trampling on the carnag'd field!
Powers, that o'erlook the struggling ship, and save
When stars arise malignant o'er the wave!
Behold the loosen'd tempests swell the tide,
Lash the high helm, and bulge each bursting side,
And pour into the poop the mountain-surge;
While the rent vessel reels upon the verge
Of fate—its torn sails hanging in the blast,
And wildly dash'd around each shatter'd mast!
Clouds big with hail the midnight heavens deform,
And the broad ocean thunders to the storm!
But ye, though now the closing waves pursue,
Quick rescue from the chasm the dying crew!

Lo! the clouds break! their scatter'd fragments fly,
Whilst the drear winds in whispering murmurs die;
And each mild star that marks the tranquil night
Gilds the reposing wave with friendly light.
O both the friends of man, to whom belong
The gauntlet and the horse, the lyre and song!
Whose prowess first shall dignify my lays?
'Tis Pollux first I sing: yet both shall meet my praise.

'Midst shores, that threaten'd, as in act to close
Their adverse rocks, and Pontus drear with snows,
When Argo past, (her freight the sons of Gods)
And safely reach'd Bebrycia's wild abodes;
Straight down the vessel's sides the chiefs descend,
And o'er the shelter'd beach their footsteps bend;
Place on the kindling fires the vase; and spread
All on a shaded spot their leafy bed.

The royal brothers, eager to explore
The sylvan scenes, far wander'd from the shore;
O'er a fair mountain's woodland summits stray'd,
The varied beauties of its brow survey'd;
And, tracing the recesses of the mount,
Found, deep-retir'd, a cool perennial fount:
Brimful beneath a craggy rock it gleam'd;
Whilst, at the bottom of the woodland beam'd
Full many a scatter'd pebble to the light,
As crystal or as polish'd silver bright.
Beside this spot, the plane-tree quivering play'd,
And pensive poplars wav'd a paler shade;
While many a fir in living verdure grew,
And the deep cypress darken'd on the view:
And there each flower that marks the balmy close
Of spring, the little bee's ambrosia, blows!

Hard by (his couch the rock) a chieftain frown'd,
His ears fresh reeking from the gauntlet's wound.
Dire was his giant form! and amply spher'd
The broad projection of his breast appear'd!
Like some Colossus wrought too firm to feel,
His back all sinewy seem'd of solid steel!
On his strong brawny arms his muscles stood,
Like rocks, that, rounded by the torrent flood,
Through the clear wave their shelving ridges show
One smooth and polish'd prominence below.

Rough round his loins a lion's spoils were flung;
Suspended by the paws the trophy hung.
Victorious Pollux view'd, uncheck'd by dread,
The savage chief, and thus complacent said:

*Pol.* Health, friend, whoe'er you are—Say, who the race
That fate hath settled in so bless'd a place?

*Amy.* How health—when I see men I never saw?—

*Pol.* Fear not—you see no fugitives from law.

*Amy.* Fear not?—believe me, I have liv'd too long,
To learn that lesson from a stranger's tongue.

*Pol.* How captious! rude as clowns that break the clod!

*Amy.* I'm as thou seest! thy shore I never trod!

*Pol.* Come, and you'll find a welcome!

*Amy.* Welcome—no—
I ne'er accept a welcome, nor bestow.

*Pol.* Strange! may I taste that rivulet?

*Amy.* Tell me, first,
Whether thy burning lips are parch'd by thirst?

*Pol.* What is your price? Here's silver—

*Amy.* In the fight
To prove, man close oppos'd to man, thy might;
With steady eye, with gauntlet-arm alert,
By artifice or force thy powers exert.

*Pol.* But whom am I to fight?

*Amy.* Behold him here,
Who ne'er in combat knew unmanly fear.

*Pol.* Say, what's the prize for which we urge the fray?

*Amy.* The vanquish'd must the victor's will obey.

*Pol.* 'Tis thus the sanguine-crested birds engage—

*Amy.* Or birds or lions—such the war I wage.

This said, his hollow conch the giant blew;
And, starting at the signal, rush'd to view
(Their long hair flowing) his Bebrycian troop:
A spreading plane o'er-arch'd the sturdy groupe;
While mighty Castor hasten'd to invite
The chosen chiefs, spectators of the fight.
Soon as the combatants with bull-hide bands
Had fix'd the massive gauntlets to their hands,
And 'round their shoulders brac'd the leathern thong,
They breath'd defiance 'mid the circling throng.
Now the dread trial of their art begun,
Each striving to elude the glancing sun!
Pollux! with thee thy rival vainly vies!
The rays shot full on Amycus's eyes.
Enrag'd he quick advanc'd upon his foe,
And aim'd, with hands high-rais'd, a deadly blow!
But wary Pollux the 'mid fury broke,

And rung upon his cheeks a stunning stroke.
Still more incens'd the giant's bosom boil'd,
As thus his vengeance on himself recoil'd;
And bending downward for a surer aim—
His brave Bebrycians rais'd the loud acclaim.
Nor less the shouting Greeks their champion cheer'd;
For fill'd with fond anxiety, they fear'd—
Fear'd—that the'enormous chief might onward rush,
And with a Tityus' weight the hero crush.
But he, still firm—still dext'rous to engage,
Curb'd, with repeated strokes, his rival's rage.
Drunk with the blows the son of Neptune stood,
Streams gushing from his mouth of purple blood.
Instant, the warrior-worthies, as they saw
The shatter'd remnant of his broken jaw,
His gash'd cheeks swoln, his socket-sunken eyes,
Fill'd with triumphant shouts the rending skies.
  The prince, yet eager in the fight, provokes
His rival combatant, with feintful strokes;
His less evasive steps now staggering plies;
Then, seizing on the moments of surprise,
Full on his brow betwixt his eye-brows dash'd,
And to the bone the rended forehead mash'd:
Supine to earth, amidst the dread affray,
He fell, and on the reeking plane-leaves lay.
  But soon he rear'd his stature from the ground;
And both vindictive dealt the mutual wound.
In hurried onset, on the neck and breast
The maddening tyrant of Bebrycia press'd;
Whilst in new strength unvanquish'd Pollux rose,
Still driving at the head his deadlier blows.
As in black sweat each limb collapsing shrunk,
*The giant-champion's* vaunted vigour sunk!

Yet Pollux stood in more majestic grace,
And manlier bloom sprung freshening o'er his face.
Say, muse, how Jove's high son (for you can tell)
Had power the savage monster to repel:
Your faithful bard, I finish or prolong
The varied tale, as you inspire my song.
Bent, in one desperate effort, to remand
His scattering honours, on the Greek's left hand
Wild, with his own, he seiz'd; then turn'd oblique
To shun the threatening chief prepar'd to strike—
The ponderous gauntlet of his right hand sped
Death-menacing—but miss'd the royal head
That slid elusive of the blow; elate,
The hero of the Greeks aim'd surer fate!
Full on the crest of Amycus it flew;
And the gor'd temples gap'd disclos'd to view;
While, sudden, gushing from the forceful wound
The crimson current trickled to the ground.
Quick on his cheeks the strokes redoubling flash—
And his teeth chatter'd with full many a crash.—
Stretch'd on the cold earth, dim life's trembling light,
is hands he lifted—to renounce the fight.
it Pollux (though his triumphs clos'd the fray)
rnish'd by no base deed the splendid day:
ile Amycus by father Neptune swore,
at he would injure strangers never more!"

## CASTOR AND POLL

### PART THE SECOND.

NEXT Castor rise (since now thy bro
Hath kindled the rapt Muse's hymnin
Rise, mailed chief, who lov'st the' her
Thou mighty master of the warrior-ho
The bold twin-offspring of immorta
Wrought up to frensy by the power o
Had borne, rapacious, from their fath
Leucippus' daughters—fair in virgin b
Aphareus' sons the' injurious deed sur
(The future bridegrooms of each ravis
And straight pursued the Brothers in
Idas strong-limb'd, and Lynceus sharp

Long since Leucippus hath affix'd their dowers,
Betroth'd, and with an oath confirm'd them ours.
And sure, 'twas base, through cunning to prevail,
With dazzling lures of gold their sire assail;
Hurry their mules, and herds, and wealth away,
And make our property your lawless prey.

' Oft have I argued, though my words are few—
(A plain remonstrance, but, alas! too true)
" Say, hath not Elis—nurse of many a steed,
The' Arcadian vallies that improve the breed
Of beauteous kine, and Sparta's wide domain,
And proud Messene's state, and Argos' plain,
And where rich Corinth opes her ample bay,
All Grecia's towns in populous display—
Say, have not these of maids a numerous tribe,
Bright-blooming, to be won without a bribe?
Virgins, that boast, in mind as beauty fair,
The genial nurture of parental care.
For you, who from a lineage great and good
Draw the pure current of heroic blood,
How easy, while their honour'd sires rejoice,
Amidst the lovely train, to fix your choice!
My friends, it ill becomes a prince, I've said,
Insidious, to supplant the bridal bed!
Our nuptials but allow us to pursue,
And we'll engage to find fit brides for you."
Such were my words—but ah! the breezes gave
Their sound, all unavailing to the wave!
Yet though no prayers your stubborn bosoms bent,
Ev'n now (for we are kin) ev'n now relent!
But if our warlike prowess must be tried,
And hateful arms be fix'd on, to decide;
If vengeance bid the blood of kindred stain,
In fight *too ominous*, the listed plain:

And to supply the place of those who d
Each the fond bridegroom of a happy b
Thus lighter mischiefs may our house b
Nor the dire contest speed the fates of
He spoke, nor vainly. On the ground,
Their armour Idas and brave Pollux pla
But Lynceus, boldly marching to the fi
Shook his strong spear beneath his circl
Then Castor brandish'd his uplifted lanc
And their plum'd helmets wave as they

First with their spears they tried the
To find, ill-guarded, some more vital pa
But all in vain the' alternate weapons st
The sharp points, breaking, to their tar
Next, the bright falchions from their sh
And to the closing fight with fury flew !
At the broad buckler of his vengeful fo
And nodding casque, while Castor aim'd
The quick-ey'd Lynceus all his powers
And lop'd the rival plumage with his bl

The forceful falchion! from the gaping wound
His bowels gush'd, and weltering gor'd the ground.
To earth he falls! and gasping as he lies,
Death's dim suffusion veils his glaring eyes.
Nor ever was ill-omen'd Idas led
By his fond mother to the nuptial bed!
For, as vindictive of his brother's doom,
He tore a column from Aphareus' tomb,
Aiming its massive vengeance at the foe
With wild uplifted arm, in act to throw—
Heaven's sovereign Lord elanc'd a flaming brand
That dash'd the shattering marble from his hand!
Through all his writhing frame the lightnings sped,
And, in a crash of thunder, he fell dead!
The Brothers thus unrival'd fervour fires,
Brave in themselves, and sprung from valiant sires!
Hail, sons of Leda! let each noble name
Give to my hymning harp a deathless fame!
For every poet, kindling, as he sings
Your deeds, and Helen's, and the heroic kings
Who levell'd Ilion's pride, in ancient days,
Lives in your spirit, and partakes the praise!
His lofty lyre to warlike glory strung,
Your high renown the Chian poet sung,
With Argive fleets, and battles fam'd afar,
And Troy and Thetis' son, the tower of war.
I too chaunt martial numbers; nor refuse
The humble offerings of my votive muse!
Such as the nine inspire, my verse appears—
Poetic honours charm immortal ears!

# IDYLLIUM

## THE TWENTY-THIRD.

## *THE DESPAIRING LOVER.*

An amorous shepherd lov'd a cruel maid;
And breath'd vain wishes all with scorn repaid.
Her beauteous figure but belied her mind—
A form too lovely, with a soul unkind!
She knew not Cupid, or his bitter dart;
She knew not Cupid's power to tame the heart.
No blush of love in soft suffusion bloom'd,
Nor pity's dewy light her eyes illum'd.
His raging wound she ne'er essay'd to calm;
Nor pour'd, in kisses or in sighs, a balm!
But savage as the wildest beast that prowls,
That on the forest-hunters grimly scowls.
No parley could her fury-spirit brook;
Lour'd her dark eyes, and death was in her loo'
Oft from her face the roseate colour flew,
And her whole soul in anger rush'd to view!
Yet was she fair, and ev'n disdain had charms-
He sigh'd to snatch her frowning to his arms'
At length, bewilder'd in the gloom of fate,
He sought with trembling steps the virgin's
Kiss'd the bare threshold, hung his throbbing
*And, his* tears gushing in a torrent, said:

ꞏh, cruel fair! in some wild forest born!
ꞏy hatred—love, and all thy pleasure—scorn!
ꞏy nurse—the bloody lioness alone:
ꞏy cold, cold heart—impenetrable stone!
ke—take this cord—'tis all I now can give—
ꞏo (nor longer will thy torment live)—
ꞏ where the wretched find relief I go—
here lovers drink oblivion of their woe!
ꞏt what—this scorching fever—what can tame?
as! all Lethe could not quench the flame!
lieu, ye gates, to meet these eyes no more;
rewell! I see what time reserves in store!
ir is the rose, yet soon its beauty flies!
on the sweet violet, soon the lily dies!
on melts the whiteness of the fleeting snow;
ꞏus passes youth! thus fades its vernal glow!
ꞏe time will come, when ev'n thy heart shall prove,
hile stream thy bitter tears, the pangs of love?
ꞏt grant this prayer! alas, I ask no more,
ꞏen thou shalt see me pendant at thy door,
ꞏ, pass not—pass not by—but kindly shed
tear of pity to embalm the dead!
ꞏd loose the cord; and o'er me lightly throw
ꞏur shading robe; and then one kiss bestow;
least refuse not such a boon in death—
ar not—no kisses can restore my breath;
ꞏ! fear not—I shall never more arise!
'n though thou kiss with soft relenting sighs!
st, duly dug, my sepulchre provide,
ꞏ love and me its hollow cell shall hide!
d thrice 'Here rests my friend!' departing say;
rather cry, 'Here lies my true love's clay!'
en let this simple epitaph be mine,
y trembling hand now traces the faint line)

'Love slew him, traveller! stop—to soothe his shade!
And pitying say, he lov'd a ruthless maid;'
This said, and in despairing frenzy bold,
High by the wall a ponderous stone he roll'd;
Then, climbing, fix'd the cord above, and tied
The fatal noose, and spurn'd the stone aside—
Quivering in death! the fair-one, when she saw
Her pendent lover, show'd no signs of awe,
Nor shed one tear; but scornful glances cast,
And her light robe polluted, as she past,
Then ran to view the wrestlers in the grove,
Thence visiting the bath devote to love:
There Cupid's image, on a marble base,
Stood frowning o'er the consecrated place;
And, instant, as he saw the fair-one lave,
He fell, and crush'd her in the fountain-wave!
Life's purple current spouted at the blow,
And these last words came faltering from below:
'Lovers, adieu! behold, the scorner dies!
Love those that love! for heaven's decrees are wise.'

# IDYLLIUM

## THE TWENTY-FOURTH.

## *THE YOUNG HERCULES.*

Soon as Alcmena bade her pleasing care,
Wash'd, and with milk well fed, for rest prepare;
Alcides, who ten months had seen the light,
And Iphiclus, just younger by a night;
She gently laid them on the brazen shield
(Which great Amphitryon in the tented field
From Pterilas had won) on either head
Plac'd her fair hands, and fondly-smiling said,
'Sleep—sleep secure, my boys, the night away;
Sweet be your easy rest, 'till dawning day.'
She spoke: and straight their heavy eyelids yield
To slumber, as she rocks the cradling shield.
But when descending Ursa mark'd the skies,
Where the red rays of broad Orion rise,
Veil'd by the shades of midnight, Juno sent
(Her vengeful soul unknowing to relent)
Two serpents, with commission to destroy
The infant Hercules, Jove's vigorous boy!
Terrific through the portal's valves they came,
Their eye-balls shooting a pernicious flame!
Bristled their azure scales o'er many a fold,
Then prone to earth their blood-swoln bellies roll'd!

And, as along the marble floor they flew,
Fell poison from their jaws the monsters threw.
Now hissing o'er the shield the serpents hung,
Each brandishing in rage his forked tongue!
When straight (for Jove sees all) the babes awoke,
And through the room a steady splendour broke!
As their dire fangs caught Iphiclus's eye,
The child to pity rais'd a short shrill cry;
Quick from his little limbs the covering cast,
And sought to fly—with shivering fear aghast.
But young Alcides stretch'd (nor stretch'd in vain)
His arms, to clasp them in a deadly chain.
With eager hands their swelling throats he seiz'd,
And venom, hateful to the' immortals, squeez'd
From their black jaws! convuls'd, they writh'd each spire
Around the babe, who felt the hero's fire!
Who, yet unwean'd, ne'er shudder'd with alarms,
Or cried, or blubber'd, in his nurse's arms!
Their curls relax'd in many a livid stripe;
At length they yielded to an infant's gripe.
Starting, Alcmena first o'erheard the cries—
'Arise! Amphitryon! much I fear! arise!
Wait—wait not for your sandals! much I fear!
Our younger son poor Iphiclus I hear.
And see what light o'er all the chamber falls!
Though not yet morn, how visible the walls!
Some strange event!'—she said—and at her word
Amphitryon rose, and instant snatch'd his sword
That, by a peg suspended o'er his head,
Adorn'd, a high-wrought work, the cedar-bed;
Then drawing from its lotewood-sheath the blade,
(While the wide room grew dark in sudden shade)

He call'd his train that, hush'd in slumbers deep,
Lay snoring out the heaviness of sleep: [bear
'Haste—haste, my servants! instant flambeaux
Hither—unbolt the gates—and quick repair!'
Straight at his voice the rous'd attendants came,
Each waving in his hand the torch's flame:
And, when they saw the young Alcides clasp
Two fiery serpents with his eager grasp,
In wild amaze they shudder'd! but the boy
Leap'd in an extasy of childish joy;
And with a laugh, his triumph to complete,
Flung the dead monsters at his father's feet.
Her Iphiclus, all trembling, to her breast
Alcmena caught, and lull'd the babe to rest:
O'er the young hero while Amphitryon throws
The lambkin's softest fleece; then seeks repose.
The crested cock, as gleam'd the orient sky,
Had thrice proclaim'd the day-spring from on high;
When fair Alcmena call'd the hoary seer
Who ever gains with truth the wondering ear;
The' unusual fortune of the night run o'er,
And bade him say, what heaven reserv'd in store.
'Nor aught (Alcmena cries) through fear conceal,
If woes await us, let thy tongue reveal!
For vain, thy wisdom knows, is mortal care!
Each ill that heaven predestines, man must bear.'
She spoke: the queen Tiresias thus address'd:
'Hail, parent, with a godlike offspring bless'd!
Fear not, O thou, whom regal splendours grace!
Fear not, O thou, of Perseus' royal race!
By the dear light that long hath left these eyes—
No more to see the rosy morning rise,
The days shall come, when many a maid of Greece,
Twirling, on rapid wheel, the carded fleece,

Whilst matrons glory in thy deeds of fame,
Shall sing, 'till dusky eve, Alcmena's name.
But for thy son, in various triumphs great,
The star-effulgent heaven reserves a seat!
Old earth with wonder shall his glories fill—
Men—savage beasts obedient to his will!
Yet, ere the giant chieftain shall repose
Where Jove's pure dome in living splendour g
Twelve labours past, the fierce Trachinian f
Must purge from earthly dross his mortal fra
He shall be call'd the son-in-law of gods—
Ev'n those who from their caverns' drear ab
Arous'd the baleful monsters of the wild,
To slay with venom'd fangs the warrior-chil
Then with the fawn the harmless wolf shall
And range, in social sports, the' embowering
But, mighty princess, bid thy slaves prepare
Such copse or low-wood as the forests bear;
The rough aspalathus, or, lit with ease,
The dry acherdus tremulous in the breeze,
Or brambles creeping o'er the steril soil;
And burn yon serpents in the kindled pile—
What time, the sleeping infants to devour
They hiss'd along these rooms—the midnight
Then, let a faithful maid, at dawn of day,
The' extinguish'd ashes to the flood convey;
Quick o'er her head, if favouring breezes bl
To the rude rocks her scatter'd burden thro
And instantly return, nor look behind
On the dire magic of the waves and wind.
Next, let pure sulphur to the rooms restore
Salubrious air; and sprinkle on the floor
Clear water from the living fountain brough
*With olives* crown'd—with salt as duly fra

And last, on Jove the victim boar bestow;
So shall ye triumph o'er the crouching foe!'
Thus spoke Tiresias, as the god inspir'd;
And to his ivory car, low-bent with age, retir'd.
As the young plant amid the garden grows,
Beneath his mother's care Alcides rose:
And though such honour as a child he won,
Still was he call'd Amphitryon's godlike son,
His letter'd lore Apollo's offspring taught,
Old Linus, wrinkled by laborious thought!
But Eurytus (whose thousand acres shone
By long hereditary right his own)
Bade him the praises of the bowman claim,
And fix'd the feather'd shaft's unerring aim;
While sweet Eumolpus form'd his voice to song,
And shap'd his hands the box-tree lyre along!
Each varying feint the Argive wrestlers show
In strong contortions with the gallant foe;
On listed plains the gauntlet to direct,
And wield its iron vengeance with effect;
How those who act the boxer's vigorous part
Find meet occasions to display their art;
All this from fierce Harpalycus he knew—
Whom though yet distant, no man dar'd to view;
While, storming for the carnage of the fight,
On his dark brow hung death and pale affright.
Oft too Amphitryon taught the blooming boy
With fondness that bespoke a father's joy,
In the high car his generous steeds to train;
To guide their swiftness with unerring rein;
Turn short the wheels impetuous as they roll;
Nor dash the glowing axle on the goal!
From Argive plains, in youth's more vigorous day,
Full many a prize the sire had borne away:

And still unbroken stood his car sublime,
Though the worn reins had felt the worm of time.
But how to launch with all a warrior's art,
With all a warrior's force, the deathful dart;
To shun, beneath his shield's protective shade,
The furious impulse of the flashing blade;
To marshal armies dreadful in array,
Lead the fierce horse, and well-tim'd ambush lay;
Such Castor taught—what time, in Tydeus' reign,
He fled, an exile, over Argos' plain.
The Argive sceptre from Adrastus came,
Who bade the vineyard vales hail Tydeus' name,
No warrior's equal prowess could engage
The valiant Castor, ere unstrung by age.
Thus taught the paths of glory to pursue,
Beneath his mother's eye the hero grew.
Fast by his father's bed, a lion's hide
Form'd his rough couch, in all its shaggy pride.
His evening viands, large as hinds partake,
Were savoury ven'son and the Doric cake:
But sparing were his noonday meals!—array'd
In no rich vest, whose floating folds display'd
The needle's art—in plain unprincely robe
'Twas his to range the' inhospitable globe.

## IDYLLIUM

### THE TWENTY-FIFTH.

## *HERCULES THE LION SLAYER.*

* * * * * *

His instruments of labour laid aside,
The hoary herdsman to the chief replied:
'I haste, (nor deem it a reluctant task)
O stranger, to impart whate'er you ask:
For much celestial Hermes I revere,
Whose statues awful in each road appear.
He most of all the heavenly tribe, they say,
Hates those who from the traveller turn away.
These flocks, with which the hills, the vales, are
Innumerous, own Augias for their lord: [stor'd—
O'er various soils they range beyond our view;
On Elisus' soft banks their path pursue,
Or where divine Alpheus' waters flow;
Or where Buprasium's clustering vineyards glow;
Or wanton here, amid these meads of gold;
And every flock apart enjoys its fold.
Though crop'd by many a herd that roves around,
In fresh luxuriance smiles their pasture-ground,
Menius' rich marsh: for here, beneath the dew,
The varied herbage springs for ever new.
See to the right, their stalls conspicuous gleam,
Beyond the winding current of the stream,

While thrice plough'd up, the teen
They who the vineyards plant, o
Or tread the wine-press with lab
Well know the wealthy monarch
The grass-green vales, the harves
And widely-waving far as yonde
Whose fair tops glitter with refr
These shadowy gardens, where o
(For such the life of swains) pre
But tell me, is it chance or bu
Your footsteps, stranger, to thes
Say, do you seek (nor deem my
The king, or one of his attendan
Trust to my care: and sure, if r
Your manly graces, and your po
Shine, with no semblance of ign
For thus the sons of gods appea
Jove's son replied: 'O friend,
To hail the prince whom Elis' re
But if amidst his citizens the ca

hither from the town Augias came,
ı Phyleus, his lov'd son, long mark'd by fame,
yester morn—to view, for many a day,
'ural riches in their full display. [eyes,
ı kings, who trace their wealth with watchful
rish, while aggrandiz'd their houses rise!
let us hasten, and the sovereign hail—
'onder stall I'll guide you down the vale.'
ɪis said, he leads the way, while wonder rose,
many a thought revolving as he goes!
with the feelings of unusual awe,
lion's spoils, the club's strong knots he saw.
he would ask, whence came this hero guest—
fear, as oft, the rising words repress'd;
'usive they might seem, or ill-design'd—
knows the motions of another's mind?
hilst yet far off, the dogs sagacious knew
r coming by their tread and scent; and flew
ı every part, and great Alcides bay'd;
'ound the shepherd fawn'd, and whining play'd.
ı threats he snatch'd the stones that loosely lay,
drove the scattering mastives far away;
e pleas'd, as silenc'd by his voice they fled,
ıark their guardian vigilance he said:
gods! what useful animals are these!
ɪens! how subservient to the shepherd's ease!
they but quick instinctive sense to know
different aspect of a friend or foe,
reature could outvie their honest worth—
:ushing with an ill-tim'd fury forth,
fierce they bay'd!' he spoke—they disappear'd,
not the murmur of a growl was heard.
ːantime the sun his westering car display'd,
e Hesper glimmer'd through the cooling shade.

Sail o'er the heaven[illegible] in countless n[illegible]
Cloud driven on cloud, in countless n[illegible]
And with incumbent blackness blot [illegible]
Thus herds and flocks fill'd, thickenin[illegible]
And the deep vallies echoed as they [illegible]
Now, crouded every fold and every [illegible]
See troops of slaves, with tasks assi[illegible]
To tame the frisky cow, through sha[illegible]
Or give the fattening calves their r[illegible]
Or bear the pails, or drive the bull [illegible]
Or press the curdled cheese with r[illegible]
From stall to stall the curious kin[illegible]
And marks the product of his rur[illegible]
His eyes o'er all the rich assembla[illegible]
Whilst, near, his son and great A[illegible]
Here (though his soul, to no mea[illegible]
Scorn'd the weak wonder of the [illegible]
Amphitryon's offspring notes, wi[illegible]
Admiring, as his eager steps adv[illegible]
Such flocks, in crowds around, [illegible]
[illegible] droves—a wealth te[illegible]

With these, three hundred white-legg'd bulls were fed, [red;
(Curl'd their smooth horns)—two hundred, glossy-
While, silver as the swan, in gambols run
Twelve, chief of all, and sacred to the sun!
These, in the flowery pastures kept apart,
Rush on the mountain-beasts that, frequent, dart
From their deep thickets on the herd below:
Bellowing, glance death, and gore the shaggy foe.
'Midst these, proud Phaeton unrivall'd shone,
Whose prowess and divine effulgence won,
The glory of the pasture-fields afar,
From swains the title of the Morning Star.
Soon as around Alcides' shoulder spread
He saw the lion's spoils, his iron head
He dash'd with rapid aim—in fury borne—
But, on the left, Alcides seiz'd his horn;
His stubborn neck drag'd downwards to the ground,
And pressing his broad shoulder, writh'd him round;
Then, straining all the muscles of his strength,
Heav'd him aloft in air, and pois'd him at arm's length.
Hush'd in the sudden stillness of amaze,
The king, the prince, the gaping rustics gaze.
And now, retreating from the rural scene,
The prince and hero tread the twilight green,
To Elis bent; and quick the path-way pass
That, narrow nigh the stalls, 'mid waving grass,
Next led through vineyards, winding down the glade,
And indistinctly sunk into the shade.
Then Phyleus, foremost as he trac'd the grove,
(His head half-turn'd) address'd the son of Jove:
' Your fame already, 'tis my strong belief,
Hath reach'd my wondering ears, O stranger chief!

The chieftain, (whether Argos ga
Or rocky Tiryns claims the heroi
Or whether proud Mycenæ were
If memory fail not, was of Perse
No Greek but you such actions c
This tawny skin inclines me to b
This skin, whose awful honours g
Speak the bold deed, and mark tl
Say then, if you are he, as storie
He, by whose arm the savage pr
Say, by what weapon pierc'd, the
And what dire fate his wandering
To Nemea? no such beast our f
But bears, and tusky boars, and
Are natives here.—Some mock'd
And scorn'd the' amusive tale, as

He spoke—and now, as broad
The social path, inviting convers
Walk'd all attentive by the hero's
Who thus, to gratify his wish, rep

For sacrifice unpaid; and rush'd amain,
One flood of carnage, through Pisæum's plain;
And o'er the Bembinæan glades, more fell,
Bade all the deluge of his fury swell!
Euristheus first enjoin'd me to engage
This beast, but wish'd me slain beneath his rage.
Arm'd with my bow, my quiver'd shafts, I went,
And grasp'd my club, on bold defiance bent—
My knotted club, of strong wild olive made,
That, rugged, its unpolish'd rind display'd;
That with a wrench from Helicon I tore,
Its roots and all, and thence the trophy bore.
Soon as I reach'd the wood, I bent my bow,
Firm-strung its painted curve, and couching low,
Notch'd on the nerve, its arrow—look'd around,
And from my covert trac'd the forest-ground.
'Twas now high noon. No roar I heard, nor saw
One print that might betray the prowler's paw;
Nor rustic sound, amidst his pastoral care,
Nor herdsman, who might show the lion's lair.
Nor herds nor herdsmen venture to the plain;
All, fix'd by terror, in their stalls remain.
At length, as up the mountain-groves I go,
Amidst a thicket, I espy my foe:
Ere evening, gorg'd with carnage and with blood,
He sought his den deep-buried in the wood.
Slaughter's black dyes—his face—his chest distain,
And hang, still blacker, from his clotted mane!
While shooting out his tongue with foam besmear'd,
He licks the grisly gore that steep'd his beard.
Midst bowering shrubs I hid me from his view,
Then aim'd an arrow, as he nearer drew,
But from his flank the shaft rebounding flew.

His shaggy hide repulsive of the
The feather'd vengeance hiss'd, a
My bow, once more, with vehem
Then first he saw—and rising in t
Of lordly anger, to the fight impe
Scourg'd with his lashing tail his si
His brindled neck, and bent into a
His back, in act to bound upon his
As when a wheeler his tough fig-tre
And flexile to a wheel each felly te
Through gradual heat—awhile the t
In curves, then springs elastic from
Thus the fell beast, high bounding fi
Sprung, with a sudden impulse, to t
My left hand held my darts, and rou
Spread, thickly-wrought, my strong p
My olive club I wielded in my righ
And his shagg'd temples struck, with
The olive snapp'd asunder on his hea
Trembling he reel'd—the

My griping thighs—then heav'd him (as the breath
Lost its last struggles in the gasp of death)
Aloft in air; and hail'd the savage dead!
Hell yawn'd—to hell his monster-spirit fled!
The conquest o'er, awhile I vainly tried
To strip with stone and steel the shaggy hide;
Some god inspir'd me, in the serious pause
Of thought, and pointed to the lion's claws.
With these full soon the prostrate beast I flay'd,
And in the shielding spoils my limbs array'd.
Thus, drench'd with flocks and herds and shepherds'
blood,
Expir'd the monster of the Nemean wood.'

## THE BACCH

THE bright Agave, with her che
And Ino, kindling with a sacred g
And wild Autonoe, had resolv'd t
Three mystic revels on the moun
There, on a spot wide-opening in
They rear'd twelve verdant altars,
With branches of hoar oak, and iv
And golden asphodel, that shone b
Then, while to beauteous Semel
Three shrines arose—to holier Bac
On the fresh fabric of the leafy sp
Their gifts, in honour of the God, t
Mysterious gifts, in osier baskets b
And offer'd with the rites he lov'd a
But Pentheus from a rock th

'What means this rage? what means'——he breathless cried;
'Wretch, thou shalt feel!' Autonoe fierce replied.
Straight in his blood her hands the mother drench'd,
While roaring, like a lioness, she wrench'd
His sunder'd head! and Ino, as she press'd
Infuriate with her foot, the royal breast,
His shoulders from the writhing body tore,
And dread Autonoe, rioting in gore,
Seiz'd, with a horrid howl, upon his heart;
And every maddening female snatch'd a part,
All stain'd with carnage, as through Thebes they go,
And bear not Pentheus from the mount, but woe!
Such was his fate: and O! let none presume
To tempt, with wicked scorn, so dire a doom;
Nor mock the God, and deem himself secure,
In youth though blooming, though in age mature.
For me, may I the just—the pious love,
And hence gain favour in the sight of Jove.
From such, sure blessings to their offspring flow;
From impious sires, hereditary woe!
Hail, Bacchus, foster'd in the Thunderer's thigh;
Hail, Semele! and ye, who from on high
Deriv'd the fires your righteous rage display'd,
And gave your kindred king to Pluto's shade.
Hail, heroines, hail! let none your fury blame!
Let none condemn the Gods! a God inspir'd the flame!

## DAPHNIS AND SH.

DAPHNIS.

Young Paris the Trojan, who
To the fair-ones of Troy a Gre
He stole the gay charmer, an
I boast a free kiss from a swee

*Shep.* A kiss is so empty: you

*Daph.* And yet there's some
I trow!

*Shep.* I wipe then my mouth
disdain!

*Daph.* Do you wipe? Come,
sing again—

*Shep.* Kiss your heifers; nor
you lout!

*Daph.* Come hither; I've something to whisper, my maid—
These wild olives form an agreeable shade.

*Shep.* No—no—Mr. Wag! 'tis a little too soon
To be dup'd so again!

*Daph.* Then I'll play you a tune
Beneath yonder elms!

*Shep.* Go, and play to yourself!
I cannot attend to so wretched an elf.

*Daph.* Ah, maiden, of Venus's anger beware!

*Shep.* Her anger! Diana alone is my care!

*Daph.* Take heed, lest the Goddess, whom thus you defy,
Should rivet a knot you may never untie!

*Shep.* No fear, while Diana continues to watch;
Be quiet—hands off—or, I swear, I will scratch.

*Daph.* You may vaunt, as you like, your slim delicate shape—
But the fate of your sex you can never escape!

*Shep.* Believe me, by Pan, I'll be never a wife;
But may you bear the yoke, all the days of your life.

*Daph.* In the end, I much fear you will marry some brute.

*Shep.* Many wooers I've had, but no wooer would suit!

*Daph.* What think you of me?

*Shep.* Why, my friend, without jest,
I think Hymen's yoke is a burden, at best.

*Daph.* No: marriage is nothing but pleasure—

... most of the perils of

*Daph.* Your guardian Diana's a

*Shep.* Yet I tremble! it ruins
plexion!

*Daph.* Your children will ma
affection!

*Shep.* But where is my jointure, i

*Daph.* My fields and my wood
With my flocks and my herds—

*Shep.* Then an oath yo
That you love me with truth, and w

*Daph.* Yes, though you endeav
away,
By Pan, whom we worship, I swe

*Shep.* Will you build me a lodg
cote, and bed?

*Daph.* Yes all—and my pastures
o'erspread

*Daph.* I'm Daphnis: my father, of musical fame,
Old Lycid: my mother, Nomea.

*Shep.* The blood
Runs rich in your veins; and yet mine is as good.

*Daph.* Not better, besure; for your father I know—
Menalcas, who lives in the valley below.

*Shep.* Then show me your groves; and the cote where it lies.

*Daph.* Come hither; and mark how my cypresses rise!

*Shep.* Browse yonder, my goats, while I haste to the grove!

*Daph.* And feed, my brave bulls—while I wanton in love!

* * * * * *

* * * * * *

# IDYLLIUM

## THE TWENTY-EIGHTH.

### *THE DISTAFF.*

Friend to the woof, each thrifty matron's care,
O thou, the azure-eyed Minerva's meed,
Thy poet's charge, to Nileus' towers repair,
Where rises Venus' fane, embower'd in reed!

Thither we ask fair winds to waft us o'er,
That Nicias, by the sweet-ton'd Graces bless'd,
Their hallow'd offspring, may with letter'd lore
And friendly converse charm his welcome guest.

Thee Distaff, thee of polish'd ivory fram'd,
I bear, meet present to his lovely wife:
So shall her frugal industry be fam'd,
The genuine model of domestic life;

Whilst her fine vests shall manly limbs adorn,
The flowing garment, or the robe succinct;
While o'er her water'd webs by females worn,
Floats the rich lustre of the shadowy tinct.

The fleece's treasure, each revolving year,
Twice the shorn mother of the lamb supplies;
For her who holds each toil—each science dear,
*That* gains the stamp of merit from the wise.

Nor would I bear thee, Distaff, to the dome
Where dissipation reigns, and idle mirth;
Thee, who, amidst Sicilia's pasture-bloom,
Tracest to Archias' city-walls thy birth.

A happier mansion be thy lot to gain,
Where lives my friend, whose health-restoring aid
Lulls with salubrious balms the throbs of pain,
And guards Miletus' sons from Pluto's shade.

Thus shall thy fair possessor rise in fame,
By thee recall to mind her tuneful guest;
And many a-one, that marks thee, shall exclaim,
'Though but a trivial favour be possess'd,

'Tis for the giver's sake the gift we boast;
And what a friend bestows, we value most!

## THE CAPRIC

SINCE 'Truth's in Wine
We mellow souls should
Take then, for once, witl
What in my inmost boson
Thy friendship is not so
Thou dost not love me fro
The half of life I call my
Lives but through thee—t
'Tis thine to make alive or
To bless with good, or curs
For instant, at thy powerfu
I sink a shade! or rise a G
How can thy heart approve
To torture one who loves sc
But if, thy senior pleas'd to
Thou lend advice a li

ı roving pinion thou art gone!
r'd by all, but fix'd to none:
ny one who sees thee vain,
se thy deserts, in canting strain,
d heaven! he's instantly enroll'd
ong thy friends, however old.
love, if thou wilt truly live,
ul whose kindred feelings give
st to life: thus all shall prize
character, and deem thee wise.
l, sure, such friendship's worth possessing,
t, while 'tis bless'd, is ever blessing;
t bade my stubborn bosom feel,
soften'd thus a heart of steel!

# IDYLLIUM

## THE THIRTIETH.

### *THE DEATH OF ADONIS.*

WHEN, his rosy colour fled,
Venus saw her lover dead,
Stiff his hair, and clos'd his eyes—
'Cupids, go (she frantic cries),
Trace the boar through all the wood,
Stain'd with my Adonis' blood!'
Swift as birds, each fluttering Love
Hastens through the mazy grove:
Soon the guilty boar they find,
Fearless run, and seize, and bind.
This, to guide the beast along,
Panting, pulls his cord of thong;
That, to make the felon go,
Beats him with his little bow,
He an easy captive led,
Aw'd by Venus, hung his head.
Venus thus, in angry strain:
"Fellest of the prowling train!
Didst thou wound Adonis' thigh?
Didst thou cause my love to die?"
He replied: 'O Venus, hear!
*By* thyself, and lover dear;

By the chains with which I'm bound;
By the hunters standing round;
Never did my erring tooth
Mean to pierce so fair a youth!
But when he surpris'd my sight,
As a polish'd statue bright;
And, my rapture rising high,
I survey'd his naked thigh;
Ah! not able to resist,
Furiously I ran and kiss'd!
To a fatal frenzy wrought—
Too much passion was my fault!
Now, for thy Adonis' sake,
Take my tusks, all bloody, take!
Take my lips beside, if these
Prove too trivial to appease!'
She, in pity to his pain,
Bid her Cupids loose his chain.
But, though free, the grateful boar,
Ranging in the woods no more,
Follow'd close Cythera's Queen;
And his cruel tusks so keen
(That had glow'd with amorous fire)
Burnt amid the blazing pyre!

# EPIG

## OFFE.

TO THE MUSES

THESE dewy roses, and tl
I offer to the sacred Nine,
The Heliconian hill : but l
Apollo ! I devote the laure
Of sabler hue. Such offer
The Delphic rock ! and, m
Thy altar with its purple st
Yon horn'd he-goat, that cr
The pendant branches of th

## *TO DAPHNIS SLEEPING.*

While, Daphnis, on the leaf-strown ground, you
Your weary body in the dews of sleep; [steep
And on the green hill-top your snares are laid—
With Pan, who hunts where erst your footsteps
The rude Priapus hastens to your cave— [stray'd,
See on his brows the saffron ivy wave!
But fly them, though the sultry noon-day glows,
Fly the wild revellers, and forego repose!

---

## *A VOW TO PRIAPUS.*

Haply through yonder village if thou bend
Thy footsteps, turn thee, goatherd, by the grove
Of wide o'er-arching oaks. There, freshly wrought,
A fig-tree statue thou wilt find; though rough
With bark, three-legg'd, and void of ears, yet prompt
For pleasure's pranks: while, near, a hallow'd fane
Low rises; and a sweet perennial spring
Flows tinkling from the living rock, that gleams
Through bowering laurel, myrtles, and the shrub
Of odour'd cypress—where the clustering vine
Diffuses many a tendril. In these shades
The vernal blackbird warbles his clear note
Yet varied; and the yellow nightingale,
Responsive in a sweeter murmur, trills
Her rival minstrelsy. Amid this scene
Repose; and to thy God Priapus pray,
That he will free my bosom from the power
Of cruel Daphne! so the bleeding goat
Shall grace his shrine! yet haply, if I gain

## THE CO

SAY, swain, hast thou a n
Some ditty to thy double
For by the Wood-nymphs
I'll try a tune upon my qu
The herdsman Daphnis toc
On his wax'd reed, a lively
While at the cave our stanc
Near yon hoar oak, and rol
Arcadia's God—the goather
Rousing the snorer, all we c

## THYRSIS HATH LC

AH, Thyrsis! what avails this
Thy lost kid wanders through
The wolf hath torn him on th
He di...

ON THE

## *STATUE OF ÆSCULAPIUS.*

THE son of Pæon to Miletus came
To meet his Nicias, of illustrious name:
He, in deep reverence of his guest divine,
Deck'd with the daily sacrifice his shrine;
And of the God this cedar-statue bought—
A finish'd work, by skill'd Eëtion wrought.
The sculptor, with a lavish sum repay'd,
Here all the wonders of his art display'd!

## *EPITAPH ON ORTHON,*

WHO DIED DRUNK.

THUS Orthon cries—' My fate, ye topers, mark,
And travel not, top-heavy, in the dark!
Drunk on the road I died! how hard my doom—
For heaps of native earth, a foreign tomb!'

ON THE

## *FATE OF CLEONICUS.*

O STRANGER, spare thy span of life,
Nor sail through winter's stormy strife!
Poor Cleonicus found his grave
In evil hour, amidst the wave;
What time his ship from Syria bore
Her freight for Thasos' fertile shore:
The Pleiads sinking down the skies—
'Twas then he sunk, no more to rise!

And who, so skill'd, such ...
Who, fam'd for music, could forget

## EPITAPH ON EUSTHE...

### THE PHYSIOGNOMI...

Here rests a Physiognomist, wh...
Through every eye could probe t...
Wise Eusthenes! the stranger de...
And Philocles the poet drop'd a ...
Thus, in a foreign land, fond frie...
('Twas all the dead could wish) a ...

## ON A TRIPO...

### DEDICATED TO BACCHUS BY

Demoteles, who bade this trip...

ON THE

## *IMAGE OF THE HEAVENLY VENUS.*

Approach with reverence—and your offerings pay!
Behold no Goddess of the vulgar here!
The gift of chaste Chrysogona survey,
And stile her Venus of the rolling sphere.

Plac'd in the house of Amphiclės, she saw
Her votary steady in domestic life:
Approv'd her, true to nature's genuine law,
A tender mother, and as fond a wife.
Each smiling year with some new blessing came,
Through thee, protectress of their genial store!
Lo: their pure bosoms felt devotion's flame—
And all shall prosper who the Gods adore!

## *EPITAPH ON EURYMEDON.*

Here, doom'd in early life to die,
Eurymedon, thy relics lie!
Thy little wandering son we see,
While the cold earth incloses thee:
Yet is thy spirit with the bless'd,
Enthron'd amid the realms of rest!
And all shall watch, with duteous care,
For thy dear sake, the infant heir!

## *ON THE SAME.*

Dost thou an equal honour pay
To sacred, or polluted clay?
'Hail *yonder tomb!* (the traveller cries)
*Light on Eurymedon* it lies!'

You'll paint the Poet to a hair!'

### *ON EPICHARMU*

The strain is in the Dorian tongu
Lo, Epicharmus!—from whose g
Thy numbers, Comic Muse!
O Bacchus, let this image pass—
Though 'tis a copy but of brass,
The finish'd semblance stands a

And much the state the poet owe
For he had stores of useful wit fo
Who gave the just reward:
Full many a rule of life he drew,
Still pointing to the fair, the true
The youthful mind: high favour

## ON ARCHILOCHUS.

Pause, stranger! and Archilochus survey—
That ancient Poet, whose Iambic name
Is borne by rapid fame
Ev'n from the rising to the setting day!
And sure, the' inspiring Muses lov'd their child;
And Delian Phœbus on his keener verse
Which flow'd, exact and terse,
To his according lyre, in fondness smil'd!

---

ON THE

## STATUE OF PISANDER,

*Who wrote a Poem, entitled 'The Labours of Hercules.'*

Pisander at Camirus born,
The first of Bards, whose strains adorn
Jove's offspring, while his peerless might,
His various labours, they recite;
And, how the Nemean lion fell,
Bold in heroic diction, tell—
Pisander claims, in glory great,
This brazen statue from the state!

---

## EPITAPH ON THE POET HIPPONAX.

The Poet Hipponax lies here:
If bad, O come not, come not near!
But, if you're good, here sit at ease—
And sleep, O stranger, if you please!

The extrinsic [illegible] that others' [illegible]

[illegible]

# THE
# IDYLLIA
AND
# FRAGMENTS
OF
# *BION.*

Κεινος δ' ου πολεμους, ου δ
Και βωτας ελιγαινε, και α
——————— Και
Ετρεφεν εν κολποισι, και ηρε

He sung the darling of the' I
Fal'n in his prime on sad Cyt
Where weeping graces left th
And tun'd their strings to Ele
While mourning loves the ten
' Adonis, fair Adonis, charms

# IDYLLIUM

## THE FIRST.

### *THE EPITAPH ON ADONIS.*

'Perish'd Adonis!' my full sorrows sigh!
Perish'd!' the Loves—the weeping Loves reply!
Rise, hapless Queen, thy purple robes forego—
Leave thy gay couch, and snatch the weeds of woe.
Beat—beat thy breast, and tell: 'though fair he shone,
'Alas, Adonis, though so fair, is gone!'
'Perish'd, Adonis!' my full sorrows sigh!
'Perish'd!' the Loves the weeping Loves reply
I see his thigh in weltering horror bare,
The wound all open to the mountain-air.
He breathes! yet, yet his eyes a pale mist dims,
As the black crimson stains his snowy limbs:
Lo! from his lips the rosy colour flies,
And ev'n thy soothing kiss, O Venus, dies!
That kiss (I view thy anguish'd image near)
That last fond kiss, to thee so doubly-dear!
But the vain ardours of thy love give o'er—
Cold—cold he lies, and feels thy breath no more.
'Perish'd Adonis!' my full sorrows sigh!
'*Perish'd!*' the Loves—the weeping Loves reply!

And, her wild tresses floatin
Wails her Assyrian lord, thro
But on the mountain-brow A
Nor hears one echo of her c
While, spouting from his thig
His bosom erst so white emp
  'Perish'd Adonis!' my ful
'Perish'd!' the Loves—the
Lo! Venus blooms no more i
With him her graces liv'd! w
Those vivid blushes—those e
That form glow'd only for A
The mountain-springs—the ri
And the hill-oaks re-murmur
The flowerets blush, in sorrov
While sad in every grove, thro
Cythera chaunts: 'Thy favou

Then, as in death thy sinking eyes shall roll,
I'll catch the quivering spirit of thy soul,
Draw its quick flame, rekindled as we part;
Drink thy fond love, and store it in the heart!
Thus the last relic of affection take,
And here inclose it, for thy charming sake;
Far—far from me, to Pluto's spectred coast,
Belov'd Adonis! flies thy gentle ghost!
Wretch that I am, to breathe immortal breath,
That cannot join thee in the realms of death!
Queen of the shades, whom fate hath given to share
Whatever blooms on earth, or good or fair;
Far happier thou, take all my soul adores!
He comes, bless'd queen, he hastens to thy shores!
Alas! while here my fruitless sorrows stream,
Love, golden love, is vanish'd as a dream:
Their wanton charms no more my Cupids own;
They droop, and perish'd is my virgin zone.
Why, form'd so fair, with every softer grace,
Why, sweet Adonis, urge the savage chase?'
Thus Venus griev'd: and—'Ah! thy joys are o'er—
Her Cupids sob'd—'Adonis is no more.'
Wide as her lover's torrent-blood appears,
o copious flow'd the fountain of her tears!
he rose starts blushing from the sanguine dyes,
nd from her tears anemonies arise.
'Perish'd Adonis! my full sorrows sigh!
rish'd!' the Loves—the weeping Loves reply!
t cease to sigh unpitied to the groves
hapless story of thy vanish'd loves!
velvet couch survey—nor longer weep—
his fair limbs, and mark his beauteous sleep!
e, let the bridal vest those limbs infold,
pillow his reposing head in gold!

His pale corse cover'd with a
Behold he lies! and lo! the I
Shear their bright locks, in ag
And spurn the useless dart, a
Some quick unbind his buskin
In golden urns pure water fro
While others gently bathe the
Or with light pinions fan him,
See Hymen quench his torch,
And scatter the connubial wre
For nuptial songs, the dirge fi
While Hymen sorrows, and A
The Graces mourn their swee
And louder ev'n than thou, Di
Hark, from the Nine elegiac s
(Each plaintive cadence murm
Their favourite bard) solicitou

# IDYLLIUM

## THE SECOND.

### *CUPID AND THE FOWLER.*

:ꟷ a youth, as he fowl'd in the midst of a grove,
the branch of a box-tree saw fugitive Love:
riumph he leap'd; and, in hopes of a prize,
: he thought it a bird of a wonderful size)
cted and join'd his best twigs for a snare;
n mark'd Cupid hopping, now here, and now
atient, at length, at so vain a delay, [there.
flung all his twigs, in a passion, away;
, eager his marvellous tale to impart,
. up to the man who had taught him his art:
l while the old rustic stood holding the plough,
nted out the strange bird that had perch'd on a
bough.
countryman, shaking his head, with a smile,
l archly: 'Ah, try not with twigs to beguile
h dangerous game—O avoid it, my boy!
a fell bird of prey, and but form'd to destroy:
ice happy, if never you catch him!—then shun
olic, whose end will have nothing of fun!
, believe me, erelong, when to manhood you rise,
ugh now, simple youth, as you follow he flies;
pinions around you he'll suddenly spread,
l familiarly flutter, and perch on your head.'

WHILE yet asleep, ere dav
Sooth'd by delightful drean
Beside me Venus seem'd to
Young Cupid in her lily har
(Meek on the ground his ey
When, whispering thus, aws
' To you my little son I bri
Dear shepherd, teach the b
I, simple swain, and void of
Full many an ancient ditty t
That, all in rustic numbers,
How Hermes form'd the voc
How Pallas first compos'd th
And how, the shepherd's lip
Pan join'd his reeds ; and, fr
How sweet Apollo strung th
But he, regardless of the stra
Soon render'd every lesson v

# IDYLLIUM

## THE FOURTH.

### *THE POWER OF LOVE.*

Muses, not afraid of Love,
'er he treads, delighted rove.
e rude swain who never knew
arms of Love their steps pursue,
essons they refuse to teach,
y beyond the rustic's reach!
a melting shepherd sigh,
l in love-sick ditties die;
kindred chorus gathering round
music to each soften'd sound!
mbers, as I tune the shell,
tness, 'tis a truth I tell.
I sing some son of earth,
ng of immortal birth,
eak notes falter on my tongue,
ow such lays as erst I sung:
I warble Love again,
weetly glides my wonted strain!

Κεινος δ'ου πολεμους, ου δακρ
Και βωτας ελιγαινε, και αειδυ
——————— Και τον
Ετρεφεν εν κολποισι, και ηρεσε

He sung the darling of the' Idali
Fal'n in his prime on sad Cyther
Where weeping graces left the fa
And tun'd their strings to Elegia
While mourning loves the tender
' Adonis, fair Adonis, charms no

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That last fond kiss, to thee so doubly-dear!
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Cold—cold he lies, and feels thy breath no more.
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Perish'd!' the Loves—the weeping Loves reply!

## THE SEVENTH.

### EPITHALAMIUM OF ACHILLES A[ND] DEIDAMIA.

MYRSON AND LYCIDAS.

*Myrson.*

The dulcet notes, dear Lycid, wilt thou play,
Of some Sicilian lover's melting lay?
Such as the Cyclops sung, the rocks among,
To soothe his Galatea with a song?

*Lyc.* With pleasure, Myrson, thy request I g[rant]
But say, what ditty would'st thou have me [chant?]

*Myr.* Pelides sing (and catch the Scyrian
Sing the stol'n kisses and the stol'n embra[ces]
[Te]ll how the youth, his sex belying, dress[ed]
[In] a female vest!

Ilion's towers each hero bent his way—
t, lost in soft disguise, Achilles lay!
dst Lycomedes' lovely train he sigh'd:
e fleece, for arms, in sweet delirium ply'd;
d stole, amid his labours of the loom,
e virgin languish, and the virgin bloom!
e theirs, his heaving bosom seem'd to glow,
d the flower brighten on his cheeks of snow!
gait like theirs, he mov'd with swimming air,
d shaded with a veil his flowing hair!
t his heart own'd the military fire,
d felt the manly throbbings of desire!
sweet Deidamia's side, all day—
m morn to night entranc'd in love, he lay!
kiss'd her hand, with amorous dalliance warm,
d shed the' enamour'd tear, and clasp'd her form,
th her, sole comrade of his board, he mess'd;
d oft to share his bed the virgin press'd.
s would he say: "While we asunder keep,
ehold, in social pairs your sisters sleep!
ough thus in friendly converse we delight,
at wicked wall divides us every night!

* * * * * * *

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## IDYLLIUM

### THE EIGHTH.

### *LOVE RESISTLESS.*

SWEET Venus, daughter of the sea,
How comes such bitter pain from th
From thee—to whom the power is
To torture earth, to torture heaven
Alas! what ills have mortals done
That thou should'st send them such
Malicious, cruel, full of wiles,
Though luring with his dimply smi
Why didst thou give him wings ar
Imperious over human hearts—
To fly, where'er he will, so fierce
And, as he lists, our bosoms pier

# IDYLLIUM

## THE NINTH.

### *FRIENDSHIP.*

O BLESS'D are they who love, and are belov'd!
Thus Theseus his Pirithous' friendship knew;
And, though amidst the' infernal regions, drew
Pure bliss from converse that exhaustless prov'd!

Thus too Orestes, happy though he rov'd
O'er Scythian desarts drear, had power to strew
All on the barren waste where'er he mov'd
Flowers of delight!—for Pylades was true;

Ever the sweet companion of his way!
And thus divine Æacides was bless'd,
While his associate in the realms of day
Remain'd: and tranquil to Elysian rest
Patroclus flew—for his pale breathless clay
Not unaveng'd the plain of carnage press'd!

## *FRAGMENT. I*

### ON HYACINTHUS.

In wild despondence Phœbus' sorr
Trembling with all the agony of wo
Each remedy he sought; but no wh
A sanatory balm, to close the woun
His bathing nectar and ambrosia fai
Alas! if fate oppose, can art avail?

## *FRAGMENT II.*

To repair to an artist, in every case
Must argue, my friend, little spirit c
How idle another's assistance to ask
Go—frame thy own pipe—'Tis no c

## FRAGMENT IV.

By dropping incessantly, water alone
Can wear to a hollow the hardest of stone!

## FRAGMENT V.

But I still slope my solitary way,
And, whispering cruel Galatea, stray
Along the shelving cliff, beside the beach,
And chase sweet hope, though wing'd beyond my
reach!
O may the lovely phantom yet engage,
Ev'n at the close of dim-declining age;
Dress'd in the tints of dear delusion rise,
Nor disappear, till death o'ershade my eyes!

## FRAGMENT VI.

Nor let me pass without a palm!
Apollo sheds the grateful balm:
But lo! while honour's voice invites,
My breast expands for nobler flights!

## FRAGMENT VII.

Beauty is woman's fairest good!
But that of man, is fortitude.

THE

# IDYLLIA

OF

*MOSCHUS.*

*Αυσονικας οδυνας μελπω μελος.*

***M***

**O solitude, on me bestow**
**The heartfelt harmony of woe;**
**Such, such as, on the Ausonian shore,**
**Sweet Dorian Moschus trill'd of yore!**

***G***

# IDYLLIUM

## THE FIRST.

### *THE STRAY CUPID.*

As Cupid from his mother Venus stray'd,
Thus, crying him aloud, the goddess said:
' If any one a wandering Cupid see,
The little fugitive belongs to me.
And if he tell what path the rogue pursues
My kisses shall reward him for the news:
But if he bring me back the boy I miss,
I'll give him something sweeter than a kiss.
So plain—so numerous are his marks, you'll own
That ev'n among a score he may be known.
Flame-colour'd is his glowing skin—not white;
Fierce are his eyes, that flash malignant light.
Smooth are his words, his voice as honey sweet,
Yet war is in his heart, and dark deceit!
Provoke him—and his rage all check defies—
Frantic, in other's woe his pastime lies,
Bright-clustering locks his lovely forehead grace,
But insolent expression marks his face.
Though little are his hands, those hands can fling
Darts ev'n to Acheron, and the' infernal king.
Though bare his body, yet no art can find
A clue to trace the motions of his mind.

As the fleet bird, on airy pinions light,
From men to sighing maids he wings his flight;
Now here, now there, in many a circle strays,
Yet perching, on their vitals inly preys.
Lo! ready from his little bow to fly—
His arrow, swift though slight, can pierce the sky.
A golden quiver on his shoulder glows,
And holds the' embitter'd darts for friends or foes.
Ev'n I their frequent wounds would vainly shun.
But his fell torch—its blaze ev'n dims the sun!
If you secure the wanderer, bring him bound;
Nor mind him, though he cry and stamp the ground
And trust him not, though smiling he appears;
Alike deceitful are his smiles and tears.
To kiss you, sweetly-laughing, should he try,
Fly him—there's poison in his kisses—fly!
But if he say: 'How idle your alarms!
Here—take my darts—my arrows—take my arms
Ah! touch them not—beware the treacherous aim—
His darts, his arrows, are all tipt with flame.'

# IDYLLIUM

## THE SECOND.

### *EUROPA.*

Once Venus to Agenor's royal maid
A vision's airy portraiture display'd,
At that calm hour when night and morning meet;
When sleep, than honey's balmy drops more sweet,
Sits on the eye-lids, and in tender ties
(Each limb relaxing) binds the cherish'd eyes;
When many a form light-rising to the view
Swims in prophetic trance; when dreams are true—
'Twas then Europa (as, in virgin bloom,
High in the upper chamber of the dome
Asleep she lay) two continents beheld,
Fierce Asia, and the adverse shore, impell'd
By warring rage; while each appear'd to rise
In female form distinct—herself the prize!
And, whilst a foreign stamp that seem'd to wear,
This, with a native's more engaging air,
Impassion'd cried: 'The nymph was her's alone,
'Her offspring—nurs'd and cherish'd as her own.'
But she (the stranger-pow'r) straight forc'd away
With stronger arm her unresisting prey,
And said: 'The fair Europa was her meed—
'By ægis-bearing Jove's high will decreed.'

Alarm'd, Europa leap'd with sudden start,
And in quick pulses throb'd her fluttering hea
For as reality the dream appear'd;
Still, though awake, she saw, and still she hea
Silent in pale suspense the virgin hung—
At length these accents trembled on her tong
'Oh say! what god hath offer'd to my sight
Those spectred shapes, to fill me with affright
While sweetly slumbering on my bed I lay,
What visions pass'd in fanciful array?
Say, who the form that bore so kind a part?
Her charming aspect—how it struck my hear
How fond! and how, caressing me, she smil'd
With sweet maternal love, as on her child!
With happy omens, ye immortals, bless
The dream; nor, hence, immerge me in distr
This said, she rose, and sought the comrade
Who join'd her oft in revels on the plain;
Those, who could best her fond regard engag
Fair, and of noble birth, and equal age,
With them the festal dance she lov'd to lead,
Or pluck the fragrant lilies of the mead,
Or bathe, (while rag'd the noontide's sultry ra
The dear companions of her social day!
Straight the gay troop, descending to the sho
Whilst in her hand each nymph a basket bore
Hail'd the familiar fields, where many a rose
They oft had seen its full-blown leaves disclo
Or musing listen'd, on the sea-beat verge,
To the deep murmurs of the dashing surge.
But lo! distinguish'd from the beauteous b
A golden basket grac'd Europa's hand— [1
Vulcan's great work, high-wrought for Nep
*Who gave it* Telephassa next allied:

She on Europa the fair gift bestow'd,
Where many a splendid image richly glow'd.
There, still a heifer's form, nor yet her own,
In sculptur'd gold the beauteous Io shone;
While with an æstrum stung, in maddening heat,
She paw'd the azure waves that wash'd her feet;
And, as two men stood watching on the brim
Her eager motions, seem'd in act to swim.
There, too, Jove's placid semblance seem'd to stand,
And stroke the heifer with his heavenly hand;
Till near old Nile (the woman reassum'd)
Her wonted charms of virgin beauty bloom'd.
The currents of the Nile in silver roll'd;
In brass the heifer rose; but Jove in gold.
Figures around in bold relievo rise:
Here Hermes pipes, and sleepless Argus lies
Deck'd with the splendour of an hundred eyes.
There from his crimson blood a peacock springs,
Exulting shakes the plumage of his wings;
And, as a ship unfurls her spreading sail,
Expands the starry honours of his tail,
That on the basket's circling rim diffuse
All the rich radiance of purpureal hues.
Such was the gift.—And now, each lovely maid
Cull'd with fair hands the flowerets of the glade.
The hyacinth, the violet's modest blue,
Or wild thyme, or the sweet narcissus, drew
Their pleas'd regard: the flower-leaves strew'd around,
Spread softly with their vernal tints the ground.
Others to pluck the golden crocus haste,
Sorting in gay diversities of taste;
Queen of the chorus whilst Europa chose
To crop the blushes of the full-blown rose.

ıdden, I
arts transfix ev'n Jove,
ough his heart impetuous ardours run,
d (the jealous Juno's rage to shun,
by a wondrous artifice ensnare
bosom of an unsuspecting fair)
d in a bull, he lays the god aside,
yet adorn'd with more than bestial pride!
ike those bulls, who, patient of the yoke,
ve oft the slow plough drawn, the furrow broke
such as harness'd drag the heavy wain,
owd the full stalls, or graze in herds the plain:
ight on his front a silver circle grew,
nd his sleek body gleam'd a golden hue;
Whilst, as the crescent, rose his horns above,
And his blue eyes shone languishing with love!
And his blue eyes shone languishing with love!

Thus beauteous o'er the meadow as he went,
Each damsel on his pleasing form intent
Drew near, and long'd to stroke him, unalarm
While his ambrosial breath their senses charm
Than all the fragrance of the vale more sweet
... all the ... at Europa's feet, ... amorous p

But she, delighted, to the virgins cried,
(The deep-hair'd nymphs) 'Come, comrades, let us ride!
Come! for he stoops! and sure his back is strong!
As the swift ship he'll bear us light along!
So mild his aspect, so unlike his kind,
He shows such meek benignity of mind—
To equal human beings, we must own,
The creature wants the powers of speech alone.'
Thus spoke the nymph—and straight his back ascends,
And calls, with vacant laugh, her lingering friends:
But springing instant from her comrades' reach,
In rapid bounds he bore her to the beach!
She, turning to her dear companion-train,
Call'd for vain help, and stretch'd her arms in vain;
When now amid the wave with vigorous leap
He plung'd, and as a dolphin skim'd the deep!
Sudden uprose the Nereids round the god,
And on the backs of whales in triumph rode:
'he loud-voic'd Neptune hail'd the long array,
nd smooth'd, his brother's guide, the watery way;
'hile, rising from old Ocean's deepest caves,
owded upon the surface of the waves
e Triton band, (as pass'd the pomp along)
d on their wreath'd conchs rung the nuptial song!
h effort all too feeble to withstand
god still rushing, with her better hand
grasp'd his curled horn—her left updrew
purple robe, whose wetted foldings flew
o'er the surge: around her, as she held,
ike a sail the breezy vesture swell'd.
now, while neither shores nor mountains rise,
far—far distant from her native skies,

(While nought but heaven appears above, below
One dizzy waste, the boundless waters flow)
Around her many a gazing look she cast,
And thus exclaim'd in wonder, as she past:
'O say, who art thou? whither art thou bent?
Say, heavenly creature, what thy strange intent?
How can thy hoofs so heavy steer with ease?
Dost thou not tremble at this waste of seas?
Though vessels o'er the wave full swiftly glide,
Bulls ever dread the ocean's briny tide!
And what thy beverage? can this wild abode
Supply ambrosial viands for a god?
For sure the nature of the gods is thine—
Yet is this worthy of thy deathless line?
Nor dolphins quit the deep, nor bulls the shore;
Thou rov'st o'er earth and sea: each hoof an oar!
Alas! who knows but flying thou wilt bear
Thy burden (like a bird) through azure air!
Ah me! thus heedless, how could I forego
My own dear home, and plunge myself in woe?
Lo! through my fond simplicity betray'd,
I rove this waste, a solitary maid!
But thou, O Neptune, whom the deeps obey,
Propitious come, and speed my destin'd way!
O let my heavenly guide unveil'd appear;
For not without a god I wander here!'
'Courage, dear nymph,'—the broad-horn'd bull replied—
'Nor fear the fancied perils of the tide.
Know, though a bull I seem to mortal eyes!
I'm Jove himself—the ruler of the skies.
And thus (I can assume what shape I please),
Fir'd by thy charms, I brave this length of seas!

But Crete now waits (fair isle, the nurse of Jove)
To crown with Hymen's rites my fervid love:
And from thy womb while sons illustrious spring,
The subject earth shall hail each son a king.'
  Scarce had he spoke—confirming all he said,
When Crete rose misty o'er its watery bed!
Straight in another form the Thunderer shone,
And loos'd, with ardent haste, her virgin zone!
The Horæ smooth'd their couch, and led to love;
And fair Europa blush'd—the bride of Jove—
Erelong to triumph, from the god's embrace,
The happy mother of a sceptred race!

## THE THIRD.

### *THE EPITAPH ON* ...

MOURN, Dorian stream, departed
Pour the hoarse murmur from thy
Sigh, groves and lawns! ye plants i
Ye flowers, breathe sickly sweets o
Anemonies and roses, blush your g
Expand, pale hyacinth, thy letter'd
Thy marks of anguish more distin
Ah! well the tuneful herdsman cl

Begin, and in the tenderest not
Sicilian Muse, begin the mourn
Ye nightingales, that soothe the s
Warble to Arethusa's streams the
Of Bion dead. Lamenting natur

Begin, and in the tenderest notes complain!
Sicilian Muse, begin the mournful strain!
Dear to the Muse, alas! no more he sings,
By yon lone oak that shades the plashy springs.
He roams a spectre through the glooms of fear,
And chants the' oblivious verse to Pluto's ear.
O'er the hush'd hills his pensive heifers rove,
Refuse their pasture, and forget their love!

Begin, and in the tenderest notes complain!
Sicilian Muse, begin the mournful strain!
Thee—thee, O Bion, snatch'd from earth away,
The Satyrs wail'd, and ev'n the god of Day!
Pan for thy numbers heav'd his sighing breast,
And sad Priapus mourn'd in sable vest.
The Naïds in despairing anguish stood,
And swell'd with briny tears their fountain-flood.
Mute Echo, as her mimic music dies,
Amidst her dreary rocks lamenting lies.
The trees resign'd their fruitage at thy death,
And all the faded flowers, their scented breath.
The ewes no milk—the hives no honey gave;
But what avail'd it, the rich stores to save?
What, that the bee no balmy floweret sips,
Extinct the sweeter honey of thy lips?

Begin, and in the tenderest notes complain!
Sicilian Muse, begin the mournful strain!
Not with such grief the Dolphin fill'd the seas,
Or Philomela's plaint the woodland breeze,
Or Progne's bitter woe the mountains hoar,
Or wild Alcyone the fatal shore;
Or faithful Cerylus the cave, where lies
His mate, still breathing fondness as she dies;

swallows twittering ...
n their sad notes; the vocal groves reply—
gh too, ye turtles, for your Bion sigh!'

Begin, and in the tenderest notes complain!
Sicilian Muse, begin the mournful strain!
Who now, regretted swain, thy pipe shall play
Touch the fair stops, or trill the melting lay?
Faint from thy lips still breathe the mellow re
Still on their dying sweetness Echo feeds:
To bear those melodies to Pan be mine;
Though he may fear to risk his fame with thi

Begin, and in the tenderest notes complai
Sicilian Muse, begin the mournful strain!
And Galatea too bewails thy fate—
Fair nymph, who oft upon the sea-shore sat
Sooth'd by thy songs, and fled the Cyclops'
Far other strains were thine! far other cha
Now on the sand she sits—forgets the sea—
Yet feeds thy herds, and still remembers t

... notes comp

Here—here, O Meles, musical in woe,
Sad for another son thy tide shall flow!
For thy first poet mourn'd thy plaintive wave;
Each murmur deepen'd at thy Homer's grave:
Another grief (melodious stream) appears!
Alas! another poet claims thy tears!
Dear to the fountains which inspire the Muse,
That drank of Helicon—this Arethuse!
That bard his harp to beauteous Helen strung!
And the dire anger of Pelides sung:
This—in his softer lay no wars display'd,
But chanted Pan all peaceful in the shade!
He fram'd his reeds, or milk'd his kine, or led
His herds to pasture, singing as they fed!
And oft, so dear to Venus, he caress'd
The little Cupid in his panting breast.

Begin, and in the tenderest notes complain!
Sicilian Muse, begin the mournful strain!
The cities and the towns thy death deplore—
Than her own Hesiod Ascra mourns thee more!
Not thus her Pindar Hylæ's grief bemoans—
Not Lesbos thus Alcæus' manly tones!
Not Ceos, Paros, thus regret their bards—
And Mitylene yet thy reed regards
Beyond her Sappho's lyre; and every swain
Pipes thee, O Bion, on his native plain.
The Samian's gentle notes thy memory greet—
Philetas too—and Lycidas of Crete!
Now, breathing heavy sighs, each heart despairs,
Though erst full many a jocund revel theirs.
Thee too, dear bard, Theocritus bewails,
The sweetest warbler of Sicilia's dales!

rs be the Doric ...

Begin, and in the tenderest notes complain,
Sicilian Muse, begin the mournful strain!
hough fade crisp anise, and the parsley's gree
nd vivid mallows from the garden-scene;
he balmy breath of spring their life renews,
nd bids them flourish in their former hues!
But we, the great, the valiant, and the wise,
When once the seal of death hath clos'd our ey
Lost in the hollow tomb obscure and deep,
Slumber, to wake no more, one long unbr
sleep!
Thou too, while many a scrannel reed I hear
Grating eternal harshness on my ear—
Thou too, thy charm of melting music o'er,
Shut in the silent earth, shalt rise no more!

Begin, and in the tenderest notes complai
Sicilian Muse, begin the mournful strain!
'Twas poison gave thee to the grasp of deat
...uld not poison sweeten at thy breatl
... could dare

But sing, as in the genial realms of light,
Some sweet bucolic to the queen of night:
She once amid those golden meadows play'd,
And sung the Dorian song in Ætna's shade.
Thy music shall ascend with all the fire—
With all the strong effect of Orpheus' lyre!
Fair Proserpine shall listen to thy strain,
And, pitying, send thee to thy hills again.
O that, as Orpheus' lyre reclaim'd his wife,
My pipe had power to bring thy shade to life!

## *MEGARA, THE WIF[illegible]*
## *AND ALCMENA,* [illegible]

MEGAR[illegible]

' Say, whence those looks
The groan so wasting, and [illegible]
Is it thy tortur'd offspring t[illegible]
To see a fawn upon a lion [illegible]
To see a worthless wretch [illegible]
Ye gods! what evil hath M[illegible]
Immortals! have I merited
Ah me, to adverse fate unti[illegible]
Who, who, so curs'd? e'er [illegible]
Me, a fond virgin, to the n[illegible]
Dear have I ever priz'd him
And, still adoring, from my

Oh how they ask'd (and never dream display'd
So dread a scene) their helpless mother's aid!
Alas! (I hear each dying echo still)
These hands had vainly cross'd the' insuperable i
But as a hapless bird her young bewails,
That, yet unfledg'd, a cruel snake assails
Mid the thick copse; around her offspring flies,
And twitters in shrill notes her plaintive cries;
Not venturing near—too weak to bring relief—
Yet hovering in an agony of grief—
So (my poor offspring fall'n in early bloom)
I ran all frantic through the blood-stain'd dome.
O Dian! sovereign of the female world,
Had but thy hand the dart in pity hurl'd;
Its poison to this wasting bosom sped,
And struck me on my slaughter'd children dead—
Then had my parents the last office paid,
And on one pile the breathless relics laid!
Then, weeping, had they seen our bodies burn,
Clos'd the pale ashes in one common urn,
And kindly, to complete the rites of death,
Buried, where first we drew our vital breath.
'ow where Aonia boasts her fertile soil,
'id Theban steeds they urge the rural toil,
it I, at Tiryns, Juno's sacred seat,
el many a sorrow in my bosom beat:
ch day one melancholy blank appears,
d brings no respite—to eternal tears!
soon these eyes shall hail my hapless lord
iis own roof (though transiently) restor'd!
many a labour must he still sustain,
the rough earth, and pass the stormy main;
in his breast he bears, to fear unknown,
id heart of iron or of stone!

But thou, like water, art dissolv'd away—*
Thy sorrows flow by night—nor cease by day
Of all my friends thou only hast the power
To gild with comfort's ray the darksome hour
They—they beyond the pine-rob'd isthmus dwel
Nor, as a hapless woman, can I tell
My griefs; or to one soothing friend impart
(Except my sister Pyrrha) my full heart!
She pines too for her Iphiclus—thy son—
And sure dire ills through all thy lineage run,
Still tortur'd, whether first their lives began
From gods their deathless sires, or mortal man
She spoke—and tears fast trickled from her e
And fill'd her lovely breast surcharg'd with sig
While memory, in fresh colours, to her view
The image of her sons and parents drew.
Meantime, deep groans Alcmena's anguish sp
And drops hang trembling on her pallid cheel
When thus, slow-raising her dejected head,
Her daughter she address'd, and sagely said:
'O daughter! hapless in thy offspring slain,
Why thus revive these images of pain?
Why thus immers'd in unavailing woe,
Still bid our tears, that oft have flow'd, o'erflo
Ah! does not each successive sun display
Its own mark'd ills, 'sufficient to the day?'
Wretches alone our griefs would number o'er
Be cheer'd—the gods have blessings yet in st
But I excuse thy ever-pining care,
My child—of pleasure I have had my share.
And 'tis with pity and regret I rate
Thy woes—the partner of our heavy fate!
*But (hear,* O Proserpine and Ceres, hear,
*Ye, whose* avenging wrath the perjur'd fear)

I've lov'd thee—haply not to thee unknown—
As if from infant years thou wert mine own!
I've lov'd thee, as the offspring of my womb,
As still mine only, in thy virgin-bloom!
Then deem not—deem not my affection cold—
No—though a Niobe thine eye behold
In the sad mother who may well deplore
Her suffering son! for ten long months I bore—
And, ere he saw the light, my life nigh lost
Hover'd, in bitter pangs, for Pluto's coast.
Now mid new toils his vagrant footsteps roam,
Never, perchance, to bless, returning home,
These longing eyes! besides, a vision late
Appear'd—(alas, too ominous of fate!)
Rising with many a terror to my sight,
As lock'd in sleep I lay at dead of night.
Methought, my Hercules himself display'd
(All naked) in his hand a ponderous spade;
And, at the outskirts of a fruitful soil,
Delv'd a deep ditch, and urg'd the labourer's toil.
But when his finish'd fence seem'd sunk around
The wide-girt area of the vineyard ground;
And he, now ready for recruiting rest,
Fix'd in the glebe his spade, and sought his vest;
Quick-flashing from the trench a fiery stream
Burst out, and round him roll'd its vengeful flame!
He swift from Vulcan's fury skim'd the field,
Shook his broad spade protective like a shield;
Now here, now there, his eager glances threw,
And mark'd the rapid volume as it flew.
Then Iphiclus (for such my dream portray'd)
Sudden seem'd rushing to the hero's aid;
But, ere he reach'd Alcides, slid away,
And on the ground bereft of motion lay;

I heav'd the' incessant sigh, and w
Then wing'd away before the ros
My slumbers vanish'd with my fri
Such then, my child, the vision I
And ah! the just interpretess of
May I presage its blackening om
And see dire ills Eurystheus' ste
Turn'd from the heroes of our ho
Their tenfold horrors on his guilt

# IDYLLIUM

## THE FIFTH.

### *THE CHOICE.*

WHEN o'er the blue wave zephyr blows,
I cannot on the land repose;
And when a calm hath hush'd the seas,
'Tis more inviting than the breeze:
But when the foaming waters roar,
And the long surges lash the shore,
To earth I turn my eager eye,
And from the billowy thunder fly.
Then, more secure on land, I hail
The pine-tree, in the darksome vale;
Though, shivering to the storm, it fling
Its cones around, and wildly sing.
Sure, most of human ills the mark,
The fisher lives, his house a bark;
The sea his ever-during toil,
The finny race his fickle spoil!
But oh! for me, how sweet to sleep
Beneath the foliage cool and deep
Of a dim plane, and soothe my ear
With pebbly rills, that tinkle near!
How sweet, by no pale fear allay'd,
Such pleasure in the rustic shade!

## IDYLLIUM

### THE SIXTH.

*CAPRICIOUS LOVE.*

PAN for his neighbour Echo sighs;
She loves the dancing-Satyr;
The Satyr, caught by Lyda's eyes,
Is dying to be at her.

As Echo fires the breast of Pan,
Behold the Dancer burn
The nymph's soft heart—though Lyda's man:
Thus each is scorch'd in turn.

While all who slight are slighted too,
They feel alternate pain:
Then hear—'Love those that fancy you,
And you'll be lov'd again.'

# IDYLLIUM

## THE SEVENTH.

### *TO THE EVENING STAR.*

Sweet Hesper, thou, whose golden light
(The sacred glory of the night)
Illumes the deep-cerulean skies;
Whose beams so dear to Venus rise;
To whom the starry fires are pale
As thou to silver Cynthia—hail!
O guide me to my shepherd's feast!
Ev'n now the lunar orb's decreas'd—
Soon will it set: O lend thy ray,
To gild my solitary way!
I go not, shelter'd by the shade,
The nightly traveller to invade;
'Tis love impels! O Hesper, prove,
Sweet star, propitious to my love!

## *AL.*

Soon as Alpheus bids l
Its foam into the deep,
With olives crown'd, t
brings,
And sacred dust, to Ai
For deep and unpercei
Nor mingle with the m
Thus Cupid full of wile
Hath taught a river ev'i

EPI

# THE
# ELEGIES
## OF
# *TYRTÆUS.*

Ω Τυρταιε ποιητα θειοτατε δοκεις γαρ δη ε
και αγαθος· οτι, τους εν τω πολεμω διαφεροντ
εγκεκωμιακας.

Αγαθον ποιητην νομιζω, τον ψυχας καλ
νεοις, δια των επων, ορμην εμποιουντα, μετα θυ
μιας, εν ταις μαχαις, αφειδουσαν αυτων.

# ELEGIES.

## *ELEGY I.*

I WOULD not value, or transmit the fame
Of him, whose brightest worth in swiftness lies;
Nor would I chant his poor unwarlike name
Who wins no chaplet but the wrestler's prize.

In vain, for me, the Cyclops' giant-might
Blends with the beauties of Tithonus' form;
In vain the racer's agile powers unite,
Fleet as the whirlwind of the Thracian storm.

In vain, for me, the riches round him glow
A Midas or a Cinyras possess'd;
Sweet as Adrastus' tongue his accents flow,
Or Pelops' sceptre seems to stamp him bless'd.

Vain all the dastard honours he may boast,
If his soul thirst not for the martial field;
Meet not the fury of the rushing host,
Nor bear o'er hills of slain the' untrembling shield.

This—this is virtue: this—the noblest meed
That can adorn our youth with fadeless rays;
While all the perils of the' adventurous deed,
The new-strung vigour of the state repays.

d the foremost of the' embattled train,
o, the young hero hails the glowing fight;
d, though fall'n troops around him press the plain,
Still fronts the foe, nor brooks inglorious flight.

is life—his fervid soul oppos'd to death,
He dares the terrors of the field defy;
Kindles each spirit with his panting breath,
And bids his comrade-warriors nobly die!

See, see, dismay'd, the phalanx of the foe
Turns round, and hurries o'er the plain afar;
While doubling, as afresh, the deadly blow,
He rules, intrepid chief! the waves of war.

Now fall'n, the noblest of the van, he dies!
His city by the beauteous death renown'd;
His low-bent father marking, where he lies,
The shield, the breast-plate, hack'd by many a wound.

The young—the old, alike commingling tears,
His country's heavy grief bedews the grave;
And all his race in verdant lustre wears
Fame's richest wreath, transmitted from the bra

Though mixt with earth the perishable clay,
His name shall live, while glory loves to tel
'True to his country how he won the day,
How firm the hero stood, how calm he fel

But if he 'scape the doom of death (the do
To long—long dreary slumbers), he retu
While trophies flash, and victor-laurels blo
And all the splendour of the triumph b

The old—the young—caress him, and ad
And with the city's love, through life,
He sees each comfort, that endears, in
Till, the last hour, he sinks to Plut

Old as he droops, the citizens, o'eraw'd,
(Ev'n veterans) to his mellow glories yield;
Nor would in thought dishonour or defraud
The hoary soldier of the well-fought field.

Be your's to reach such eminence of fame;
To gain such heights of virtue nobly dare,
My youths! and, mid the fervour of acclaim,
Press, press to glory; nor remit the war!

## *ELEGY II.*

Rouse, rouse, my youths! the chain of torpor break!
Spurn idle rest, and couch the glittering lance!
What! does not shame with blushes stain your cheek
Quick-mantling, as ye catch the warrior's glance?
Ignoble youths! say, when shall valour's flame
Burn in each breast? here, here, while hosts invade,
And war's wild clangors all your courage claim,
Ye sit, as if still peace embower'd the shade.

But, sure, fair honour crowns the' auspicious deed,
When patriot love impels us to the field;
When, to defend a trembling wife, we bleed,
And when our shelter'd offspring bless the shield.

What time the Fates ordain, pale death appears:
Then with firm step and sword high drawn, depart;
And, marching through the first thick shower of spears,
Beneath thy buckler guard the' intrepid heart.

Each mortal, though he boast celestial sires,
Slave to the sovereign destiny of death,
Or mid the carnage of the plain expires,
*Or yields* unwept at home his coward breath

And stand, above the rival's
While millions hail, with fond
The deeds of many a hero r

## *ELEGY II*

Yet are ye Hercules' unconqu
Remand, heroic tribe, your s
Not yet all-seeing Jove averts h
Then meet without a fear the

Each to the foe his steady shiel
Accoutred to resign his hatef
The friendly sun a mild effulgen
On valour's grave, though dark

Yes! ye have known the ruthle
Yes! ye have known its tears
When, scattering in pale flight,
Or chas'd the routed squadron

But 'tis not in the force of words to paint
  What varied ills attend the' ignoble troop,
Who trembling on the scene of glory faint,
  Or wound the fugitives that breathless droop.

Basely the soldier stabs, with hurried thrust,
  The unresisting wretch, that shieldless flies!
At his last gasp dishonour'd in the dust
  (His back transfix'd with spears) the dastard lies!

Thus then, bold youth, the rules of valour learn:
  Stand firm, and fix on earth thy rooted feet:
Bite with thy teeth thy eager lips; and stern
  In conscious strength, the rushing onset meet:

And shelter with thy broad and bossy shield
  Thy thighs and shins, thy shoulders and thy breast;
The long spear ponderous in thy right-hand wield,
  And on thy head high nod the dreadful crest.

Mark well the lessons of the warlike art,
  That teach thee, if the shield with ample round
Protect thy bosom, to approach the dart,
  Nor choose with timid care the distant ground.

But, for close combat with the fronting foe,
  Elate in valorous attitude draw near;
And aiming, hand to hand, the fateful blow,
  Brandish thy temper'd blade or massy spear.

Yes! for the rage of stubborn grapple steel'd,
  Grasp the sword's hilt, and couch the long-beat
    lance;
Foot to the foeman's foot, and shield to shield,
  Crest ev'n to crest, and helm to helm, advance.

But ye, light arm'd, who, trembling in the rear,
  Bear smaller targets, at a distance, throw
The hissing stone, or hurl the polish'd spear,
  (*Plac'd nigh* your panoply) to mar the foe.

## ELEGY IV.

If, fighting for his dear paternal soil,
  The soldier in the front of battle fall;
'Tis not in fickle fortune to despoil
  His store of fame, that shines the charge of all.

But if, oppress'd by penury, he rove
  Far from his native town and fertile plain;
And lead the sharer of his fondest love
  In youth too tender, with her infant train;

And if his aged mother—his shrunk sire
  Join the sad group; see many a bitter ill
Against the houseless family conspire,
  And all the measure of the wretched fill.

Pale shivering want, companion of his way,
  He meets the lustre of no pitying eye;
To hunger and dire infamy a prey—
  Dark hatred scowls, and scorn quick passes by.

Alas! no traits of beauty or of birth—
  No blush now lingers in his sunken face!
Dies every feeling (as he roams o'er earth)
  Of shame transmitted to a wandering race.

But be it ours to guard this hallow'd spot,
  To shield the tender offspring and the wife;
Here steadily await our destin'd lot,
  And, for their sakes, resign the gift of life.

Ye valorous youths, in squadrons close combir
  *Rush*, with a noble impulse, to the fight!
*Let not* a thought of life glance o'er your mi
*And not* a momentary dream of flight.

Watch your hoar seniors bent by feeble age,
Whose weak knees fail, though strong their ardour glows;
Nor leave such warriors to the battle's rage,
But round their awful spirits firmly close.

Base—base the sight, if, foremost on the plain,
In dust and carnage the fall'n veteran roll;
And, ah! while youths shrink back, unshielded, stain
His silver temples, and breathe out his soul!

END OF VOL. I.

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